

## *The Prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln.*

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THERE have been so many prosecutions for ritualistic doctrines and practices during the last forty years that the general public has grown indifferent to them. The legal subtleties in which they soon become involved have been found most bewildering; the many stages and interminable lengths most wearisome. After all, too, they have always proved most impotent to stop the practices which they condemn. They "come like shadows, so depart." There are, however, special features about the present prosecution which distinguish it from all its predecessors and render it fully worthy of the high degree of general interest which it is exciting. The Church Association has been bold enough to fly at the highest game, and, as the Court of Arches in which the Archbishop is represented by his Official Principal has been found to have no jurisdiction over a bishop, it has been necessary to revive the long dormant court in which the Archbishop sits in person. It is in this circumstance that the peculiar interest of the trial lies.

When the Archbishop was first required by the promoters to cite the Bishop of Lincoln before him he not unnaturally demurred. There had been at most one or two instances since the Reformation when his predecessors had thus acted. The most decided of these was in 1692, when Bishop Watson of St. David's, accused of simony and other crimes, was tried before Archbishop Tennison, condemned and deprived. The bishop on that occasion entered a protest against the competence of the court. This was no doubt overruled, but apart from some difficulties about the value of that precedent, the interval of time between then and now was great, whilst the current of present feeling is set strongly against the exercise of the judicial office by prelates in person. It did not seem safe therefore to admit the cause until the Court of Appeal had first declared itself. However, the Judicial Committee, very strongly represented, decided in favour of

the Archbishop's competence, and there remained no longer any alternative for the Archbishop save to accede to the demand of the promoters and cite the Bishop to appear before him.

At first blush it might well have seemed that the High Church party had now obtained what they had all along been demanding. The articles in the present citation are substantially the same which have formed the subject-matter of contention in the previous trials. The Bishop is accused (1) of having permitted candles to be lighted on the altar during the celebration of Holy Communion; (2) of having mixed water with the wine which he afterwards consecrated and administered; (3) of having stood in front of the table, instead of at the side, so that the congregation "could not see him break the bread and take the cup;" (4) of permitting the *Agnus Dei* to be sung immediately after the prayer of consecration; (5) of making the sign of the Cross with his fingers whilst pronouncing the benediction; (6) of having taken the ablutions of wine and water after the communion in the presence of the people. We believe the fourth and fifth of these points have not yet been raised, but the rest have, and have mostly been condemned either in the Arches Court or at all events on appeal by the Judicial Committee in the Mackonochie, Purchas, and Ridsdale cases. These judgments the Ritualist clergy have uniformly refused to accept, alleging that the courts by which they have been pronounced have not been spiritual. The Judicial Committee, it is contended, is in no sense spiritual. Its judges are laymen, preponderantly at all times, exclusively since the Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1876. They sit in virtue of a commission from the Queen, not from the Archbishop, and they are established for the hearing of appeals not only ecclesiastical but also civil. The Arches Court again, since its re-constitution under the Public Worship Regulation Act, is to be accounted temporal, not spiritual, because although its judge sits by appointment of the Archbishops, he does not qualify by subscription to the articles, and he refuses to disregard the precedents created by the Judicial Committee. To courts so constituted it is impossible, they argue, to pay the obedience which would be paid to the decision of a competent spiritual authority. Well then—might be the reply—whether the position thus taken up be justifiable or not, at all events now at last, through a fortunate turn of events, a court has been summoned into existence, possessing all the character-

istics which by your acknowledgment entitle it to command your obedience. Let its verdict be accepted and we shall have an end of the discussions and apparent lawlessness which many people find so discrediting.

There did seem at first some little disposition on the part of the Ritualists to accede to this demand ; but the disposition was transient. The Church Association has proclaimed its intention to carry an appeal to the Judicial Committee, if in first instance the decision should go against them. To external observers this consideration would not seem to affect the spiritual character of the Archbishop's judgment. Why not receive the latter with obedience whether it should prove favourable or unfavourable, preserving the attitude of resistance only towards the interposition of the Judicial Committee? It has been suggested, indeed, that the Archbishop ought to be obeyed, if he should disregard the precedents created by the alleged civil courts in their previous judgments, but that if he should accept their precedents and allow himself to be guided by them, he ought to be disobeyed, as his judgment in that hypothesis could only be taken as the servile echo of that of the civil usurper. But surely this attitude is unreasonable. The intrinsic rectitude of a judgment is altogether distinct from the legitimacy of the authority from which it proceeds. A judgment is a mental act based on an estimate of certain evidence. If it corresponds with the evidence, it is sound and true in itself, although the want of jurisdiction may disqualify the court which forms it from giving it legitimate enforcement. If the Archbishop follows suit to the Judicial Committee, the inference should be, not that he has been servile enough to resign his own judgment to theirs, but that he finds their judgment to have been sound and worthy of adoption ; the result being that what was already good ecclesiastical law now receives a condition of validity previously wanting, pronouncement by a competent spiritual authority.

These considerations, however, have had to give place to a previous question. The Bishop of Lincoln has protested that the court to which he is amenable is, not that of the Archbishop sitting in person—whether with or without the assessors, who of course possess no decisive vote—but a court consisting of the compatriots of the accused with the Archbishop acting only as their president. It is not surprising that one holding Dr. King's

views on the relation of the Established Church to the Church Catholic should take this line. In the Catholic Church the authority of the Archbishop over his suffragans has varied at different times. It was fuller in past ages than it is at present. But if we leave out of account possible local exceptions, concerning which on account of their variety and perplexity it would be hazardous to make any pronouncement, it may be confidently said that it never included the power to sit in judgment on the person of a suffragan. When the matter of accusation was not grave—*in causis minoribus*, to use the technical term—the proper court to hear the case was that which Dr. King has demanded, a court consisting of the compatriots of the accused. When the matter of accusation was grave—*in causis majoribus*—the court was still the same, except that twelve bishops at least were then required to attend, and a definitive sentence could not be pronounced without reference to the Roman Pontiff. This last condition is of course a matter of controversy, and would not be acknowledged by Anglicans to have prevailed in the earlier centuries. They very confidently, though without justification, refer its introduction to the False Decretals. Obviously anything which they do not acknowledge is not likely to obtain recognition in their courts. But our readers will like to learn what the Catholic procedure would be in a similar case. We have therefore mentioned it and may continue the account. A change was effected in the ancient procedure by the Council of Trent, which took away even from the Provincial Councils all power in the matter, whenever the cause was *major*, reserving it to the Pope. The most therefore that a Provincial Council can do under the existing discipline is to make informal inquiry with a view to laying before the Holy See an extra-judicial statement. If the case is such as to require investigation in the locality, the Holy See will then commission the Metropolitan and his suffragans to draw up the process and transmit it to Rome. The Pope will himself pass the final sentence. This is the law of Trent, and it is substantially the law still in force. Since that time, however, the Auditor of the Apostolic Chamber, who may be described as the Pope's Official Principal, has been entrusted with large authority for trying such causes of bishops as can be heard in Rome itself. But even he cannot cite a bishop to appear in person before him, or inflict the punishment of deposition without specific authorization from the Pope.

The single purpose which has animated these arrangements from the first has been to secure the bishop as far as possible in the possession of the see. Episcopal government is of divine right and the bond which unites the bishop with his flock has ever been regarded as a spiritual marriage. He cannot resign or accept a translation to another see, but may only make application to the Holy See to release him. And the responsibility lies upon himself not to apply for it, and on the Holy See not to grant it, unless it seems desirable for serious reasons in the interest not of the bishop but of the Church. Evil can find its way even into the sanctuary, and provision must be taken to sever the bond when it proves to be for the ruin instead of the welfare of the flock. Still all patience should be shown before resorting to so desperate an expedient, and every precaution adopted to secure sincerity of purpose, impartiality and prudence in the judge. Especially must care be taken to guard the independence of the episcopate against lawless assaults on the part of temporal rulers. When we bear this purpose in mind and consider the historical conditions through which the Church has lived, it is easy to see why she should from the first have refused to leave the power to depose her bishops in the hands of a single prelate who might easily be dominated by secular passion and court intrigues; why also, as the facilities of intercommunication grew, she should at length reserve it more and more to a court which was both supreme, and, on account of its position, more likely to be impartial. It cannot be too often repeated that the object of the Holy See in reserving to itself the power to deal with bishops, whether due to the False Decretals or not, has been not to enslave the episcopate but to support and protect it.

The Bishop of Lincoln demands a court of his compatriots, will he obtain it? That is the point which is now under argument at Lambeth. Perhaps by the time these pages are in the hands of the reader the decision of the Archbishop's court will have been arrived at. As, however, the case is at present *sub judice*, we must not speculate what it will be, but must content ourselves with indicating the points on which it is likely to turn. The Canon Law, which governed the pre-Reformation Church as a part of the Church Universal, was never abrogated *in toto* by any statute of the Reformation period. Hence it is still recognized as valid at English Law on all points the specific repeal of which cannot be proved. So far it is not likely the

parties will disagree. The conflict will commence with the inquiry whether there has or has not been any positive legislation giving to the Archbishop the power which is disputed. All cases of episcopal trials and depositions will come under review and the contribution to English history will be very valuable. It is well known that the Archbishop of Canterbury had very large powers. "The further from Rome the greater the Metropolitan's power," was and is for obvious reasons the practice of the Catholic Church. And England was at all times the most distant province of European Christendom, whilst in the earlier period when the see was established, it was still true to describe our forefathers with Virgil as

Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

From the twelfth century again the Archbishops were made *legati nati*, which involved an accession of power together with immediate jurisdiction in the suffragan dioceses. Still, bearing in mind the jealousy with which the Church has always guarded episcopal independence, we shall be surprised if it is found that even legatine power, except in virtue of special delegation, was ever exercised to deprive a bishop. For this reason we imagine the fight will rage most hotly around the alleged post-Reformation precedents. The Marian bishops were deprived (*i.e.*, of course in the eyes of the law only) by the Court of High Commission. This has ceased to exist, and after the protest made in the Bill of Rights against its revival by James the Second is not likely to be revived again. The Watson case will be the most formidable obstacle Dr. King's protest will encounter. As we write, Sir Walter Phillimore attacks it. Watson, Bishop of St. David's, was cited to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury in the earlier days of the reign of William and Mary. He was tried for simony, and at length condemned and deprived. There was an appeal to the Court of Delegates, at that time the Court of Appeal, and also an application to the King's Bench for a prohibition against the Archbishop's Court. The question of jurisdiction was thus raised, but under circumstances which considerably impair the value of the precedent.

If the historical argument should be held by the Archbishop to tell in favour of trial by synod, there will probably be an appeal. But let us leave this possibility and its probable issue out of account. Even if the Judicial Committee should agree with

the Archbishop, another serious difficulty will arise. Unless it receive the Queen's writ, the proposed synodal court could not sit without incurring *præmunire*. Yet on the other hand, is it likely that without parliamentary sanction, which it would be morally impossible to obtain, Her Majesty's advisers would feel justified in recommending that the writ should issue? Perhaps the desire of the Bishop's party is rather negative than positive. They would be quite content that the synodal court should not sit, provided the Archbishop's court were declared incompetent. The Church Association will, of course, try its utmost to prevent such a deadlock. But should they fail, the result will be peculiar. It will have been proved that an Anglican bishop is legally free to carry out his own conceptions of doctrine and ritual whatever they may be. An opportunity will in fact have been obtained for trying the experiment of St. Cyprian's theory of Church government, as expounded by Anglicans — each bishop, independent of all the rest, and answerable only to God.

Let us make the supposition that one or other of the two spiritual courts in question, the metropolitan or the synodical, is called upon to hear the case. It will then be most interesting to watch its action.

All save two of the points objected against in Dr. King, have already been considered expressly, and all virtually, by the Judicial Committee, in the Mackonochie, Purchas, and Ridsdale prosecutions. In all these the judgments have been adverse to the respondents, and the court has been soundly rated in consequence. Dr. Littledale, in a letter to the *Spectator* of December 4, 1880,<sup>1</sup> wrote :

Not the slightest doubt can arise in the mind of any intelligent person that the law has been deliberately and wilfully set aside in the judgments in the Gorham, Mackonochie, Purchas, and Ridsdale cases. In the third a false date was assigned to certain visitation articles of Cosin. . . . Here we have such irresistible testimony of bad faith as to destroy the whole judgment.

The select language of this passage is of course personal to the writer. It required the hardihood of a Littledale to impute bad faith to the class of men who sit on the Judicial Committee. But the belief that the judgments are at variance with the law is general among the Ritualists. A main charge also which

<sup>1</sup> We quote from the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 151, p. 223.

they urge against Lord Penzance is that he has followed the Judicial Committee, thereby differing from Sir Robert Phillimore, his predecessor in the Court of Arches, who on certain points gave decisions in their favour. They are now hoping that the Archbishop may ignore the displeasing precedents and pronounce a judgment which, as coming from an unquestionably spiritual court, they can set off against the judgment of the Privy Council.

For an external observer it is impossible to advert to the composition of the Court of Appeal such as it has been in these ritual prosecutions, without feeling impressed by its strength. It has been far stronger in this respect than the Court of Arches on the occasions when the two have come in conflict. Still the points at issue, some of them at all events, are involved in considerable obscurity. A good deal can be urged on behalf of either side, and the reasoning has consequently had to extend its purview and to fortify itself with a wide array of collateral evidences. Then, too, the Ritualist argument has in two out of the three great cases been left without advocacy, the respondents declining to appear before a court which they refused to acknowledge. It is possible, therefore, after all, that the present encounter may yield a result in favour of the Bishop. The considerations being so complicated, it is impossible to set them forth with any completeness, but in view of the interest which many Catholics feel in the case, it may be well to indicate in outline the points on which everything must turn. The articles of complaint which have been given above, may be arranged in three classes.

First, there is the eastward position, as it is called. The traditional position for an Anglican minister to take up at the communion-table (supposing the church to orientate, as is always assumed) is at the north side, so that he looks across it lengthways. The Ritualists, however, stand in front as a Catholic priest would do, his back turned to the people and his face eastwards. It is objected that this is a ceremony at direct variance with the rubrics of the Prayer-Book. These certainly prescribe that the minister shall stand "at the north side of the table." The injunction, indeed, is found only at the commencement of the service, but so as to imply that he remains in the same place throughout. However, the direction prefixed to the prayer of consecration speaks of him as at that time "standing before the table," which, at first sight, seems

inconsistent with being at the north side. The inconsistency has been created by a change which took place gradually and tacitly in the earlier days of the post-Reformation period. Queen Elizabeth's Injunction was that the communion-table should, when not in use, stand, like the ancient altars, against the wall ; but that when wanted it should be brought into the centre of the chancel and placed with the short ends towards the east and west. The communicants would then gather round it, and the minister's natural position would be in the centre of one of the longer sides. He is therefore intelligibly described as simultaneously standing "at the north side" and "before the table." The practice of moving the table into the body of the chancel did not long persist. It became, and still continues, customary to leave it standing against the east wall exactly as our altars do. Thus arose the seeming inconsistency between the two rubrics. On the strength of this the Ritualists have been able to introduce a practice which is undoubtedly the more suitable on the supposition that the act is not merely commemorative, but also sacrificial. The Judicial Committee has sought to solve the difficulty created by this change of usage through an appeal to the emphasis with which the revisers of the Liturgy required that the minister should break the bread before the people. Their anxiety was to divest the service of all appearance of the very character which the Ritualists assign to it. They wished to make it clear that the service was in no sense a sacrifice, but a mere commemoration, and that the minister was in no sense a priest interposed like a mediator between God and his fellow-men, but a mere spokesman of the congregation. Keeping this motive in view the Court of Appeal decided in Mr. Purchas's case that he could not, in Mr. Ridsdale's that he could, stand in front of the table facing eastward ; namely, because, taking into account the construction of the churches, in the one case while so standing he could not, in the other he could, be seen to break the bread and take the cup.

The second category of articles will consist of ceremonies which are not mentioned, yet not positively excluded, by the rubrics of the Prayer-Book. To this belong the mingling of water with wine in the chalice ; the ceremonious ablution of the chalice in presence of the people ; the permitting the *Agnus Dei* to be sung after the consecration ; making the sign of the Cross while giving the benediction. The employment of lighted

candles on the communion-table will come under this head, but will also form a matter for a distinct category. The Bishop's contention will here be that omission is not prohibition, and the answer will be an appeal to the Acts of Uniformity, which enact penalties against any minister "who shall wilfully or obstinately, standing in the same, use any other rite, ceremony, order, form, or manner of celebrating of the Lord's Supper, &c., than is mentioned and set forth in this book" (viz., the Prayer-Book). A distinction will also be drawn between ceremonies "which are subsidiary and consistent with" those mentioned, and ceremonies which have an independent character, especially if inconsistent with the prescribed ideal. The Judicial Committee have already condemned on these grounds such of the ceremonies now attacked as have come before them, while the Court of Arches in the Mackonochie and Purchas cases permitted candles as being a simple ceremony unconnected with superstitious ideas, and also permitted the mingling of water with the wine, provided it be done before the service commenced.

Although the employment of lighted candles on the altar can be treated as a ceremony, and will then fall under the category just mentioned, it will probably be also considered apart as an "ornament." At all events, it is to be hoped that it will be so treated, for it is only thus, as far as we can see, that the famous question of the force of "Ornaments Rubric" can come before the new court. The Book of Common Prayer in its present and final form dates back to the year 1662. It contains a rubric which runs thus :

And here is to be noted that such ornaments of the Church, and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament in the second year of the reign of Edward the Sixth.

The "ornaments" thus referred to are by general acknowledgment those prescribed in the First Prayer-Book of Edward the Sixth.

There is nothing in this First Prayer-Book about the use of lights, but they were prescribed two years previously in some Royal Injunctions, and were almost certainly in use during the period when the First Prayer-Book was in use. On this ground—namely, as an "ornament of the church" in use

"during the second year of King Edward the Sixth"—they will be claimed by the respondent as still obligatory or permissible. Against this it will be contended that they are not ornaments but ceremonies; that, even if ornaments in use at the time specified, they were not then in use "by authority of Parliament," but only by royal injunction, for which reason they do not come under the description of ornaments sanctioned by the present rubric. Probably, also, another argument will be urged against the Ritualistic interpretation of this rubric. It will be unfortunate, at all events, if it is passed over, not so much on account of its bearing on the question of lights as of its bearing on that of vestments. These seem, at first sight, to be most distinctly sanctioned by the Ornaments Rubric, for in the First Prayer-Book of Edward is found this direction:

The priest that shall execute the holy ministry (of Holy Communion) shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that ministration, that is to say, a white alb plain, with a vestment or cope.<sup>1</sup>

On this *prima facie* clearness of the rubric the Ritualists rely. On this ground Sir Robert Phillimore, as Dean of Arches, decided in favour of vestments in the Purchas case. It is also, mainly, for not deferring to this consideration that the Court of Appeal is so much blamed by the party. But there is a good deal to say on the other side, although it is far too complicated to be explained here even in outline. We must be content to say that the Ornaments Rubric in the Prayer-Book of 1662, that is, in the present Prayer-Book, is in substance reproduced from the Act of Uniformity prefixed to the Prayer-Book issued in 1559. It was there, however, declared to be a provisional arrangement, to endure till "other order shall be taken by the Queen." Shortly after followed certain Advertisements which restricted the use of vestments to a cope in cathedrals and collegiate churches during Holy Communion on great festivals, and a plain surplice in all ministrations in the parochial churches. It has been ruled by the Judicial Committee in the Purchas case that this was "the other order" contemplated, and that the rubric of 1662 was understood at the time of its enactment in the same sense. They submit

<sup>1</sup> By "vestment" must be meant a chasuble. It is certainly something different from a cope. Thus in 1573 Robert Johnson inquires of Edward Sandys, among other things, "why the vestment is put away and the cope retained, why the alb is laid aside and the surplice is used?"

evidence to show that at that time all memory of any vestment save the surplice had passed away.

These are the main points on which the argumentation before the court will have to turn. They will strike our readers as tiresomely subtle and minute. But after all the question involved is sufficiently momentous for those concerned. Dr. Vaughan, of the Temple, has asked, "Is it, can it be, wisdom on the one side or on the other to make vital matters of a whiff of incense, of the colour of a stole, or of the breadth of phylactery?" This feeling is, doubtless, very common, but it is extraordinarily superficial. A correspondent of the *Record* speaks the truth when he says: "The issues at stake are whether or not the ministry of the Church of England is sacerdotal: whether or not the system of the Church of England is sacramental." The Ritualists accept this account, and would, no doubt, add a third issue—whether the system is sacrificial or not. What they realize is that a voice, whose representative character as the supreme spiritual voice of their communion they are constrained to acknowledge, is about to deliver itself officially and authentically on this momentous question; and what alarms them is the possibility that the utterance may go against them.

And this calls up another point about which one feels a curious interest. Whereas the Ritualists are attached to the ceremonies under attack because of the intimate connection between the ceremonies and the dogmas of which they are the becoming expression, the arguments which have moved the law courts, even when deciding in their favour, have been quite independent of, or even opposed to, these grounds of attachment. The Ritualists lay stress on the eastward position because it is significative of the priestly office and the sacrificial act. They are allowed it (in the Ridsdale case) because it need not mean anything of the kind and is consistent with the opposite belief. They wish to have lighted candles as being the traditional accompaniments of the Sacramental Presence, and they are allowed them by the Court of Arches (in the Mackonochie case) on the ground that they are "purged from all superstition and novelty by the very terms of the injunction," (of Edward the Sixth); that is to say, because they do not necessarily signify any such Objective Presence as the Ritualists believe in. They write books in advocacy of this doctrine of the Real Presence, and the books just manage to escape

condemnation (in the Bennett case) by having their salient propositions watered down into language sufficiently ambiguous for the judge to consider them consistent with affirmation of a Real Absence. Such a condition of things is not calculated to exhibit their church as really sanctioning the teaching which they announce in her name. Still, it has been possible to maintain that the Church was misrepresented by courts which, being temporal or dominated by the temporal, had no title to speak in her name: although, on the other hand, the decision proceeded on the respectable basis of a strictly juridical interpretation of her authentic formularies. Now, however, that the Spiritual Court has sprung into renewed life there can no longer be any dispute about the character of the voice. It is their Church's own voice. What will it say? Even if it is to allow what is desired, will the gift be acceptable if based on such objectionable grounds? And yet, can it go on any other? Fresh legislation, a declaration of doctrine going beyond inference from the formularies actually existent, is beyond the Archbishop's or the Synod's competence without a royal license, which is not in the least to be expected. Thus the Spiritual Court, like the Temporal, must be content to interpret.

It reduces itself to this: The Church which sprang from the furnace of the Reformation has expressed its mind in certain formularies. Is the mind Protestant or (Anglo-) Catholic? The highest Spiritual Court is at last called to determine the doubt by an authoritative exposition of the meaning of the formularies. No wonder that the President of the English Church Union should say, "What is outwardly at stake is the right of the Church of England to use peaceably her ancient ritual. What is inwardly at stake is the claim of the Church of England to be the ancient Church of this land." No wonder that the result is awaited with intense anxiety.

What are to be the ulterior consequences of the prosecution? What effect will it have upon the position of the Establishment, and in particular of the Ritualistic party? The gloomiest forebodings are prevalent amongst the latter. Some of their prophets are predicting that in any case the disruption caused will be so great as to bring Disestablishment speedily to the front. For our part we anticipate nothing of the sort. Disestablishment will certainly come. At what rate it is approaching does not concern us. But the classes that are working for it are external to the Anglican body and they are

not likely to receive any reinforcement from those who will take to heart the issue of the present prosecution. The most serious chance of such an accession to the Liberationist forces would arise if the judgment were to be in Dr. King's favour. Should the conclusion be that Anglican Bishops are chartered libertines through the absence of any court or rubrics to control them, it will be so far forth a triumph for Dr. King's supporters, who will then find increased satisfaction in their existing position. But their adversaries will be greatly mortified, and it is just conceivable that discontent might drive them into a camp where their doctrinal tenets are better represented. Still this is most unlikely. They will hardly fail to perceive that Disestablishment can bring them no advantage over their Ritualistic adversaries, in compensation for the loss of endowments and social precedence. They will see that after all nothing has happened to prevent them from carrying out their own ideal in their own churches as long as they continue to exist. For it must be clear to them that they are a decaying party. It is Ritualism and Rationalism that are on the boom, and if there is an Evangelical party earnest and active which will not die out, it is one which grows more and more opposed to the policy of "persecution."

But what will happen if the judgment goes against the Bishop? Nothing probably except a short period of indignant protestation. No doubt the threats of going over to the camp of Disestablishment will be renewed and increased. But they are never to be taken too seriously, when uttered by Ritualists. These do not really wish for Disestablishment, which they understand would impair, not improve, their condition. Establishment is the real bond which holds together the various parties. Take it away and the organization must before long split up and lose the imposing dimensions which lend plausibility to the claim to be an historic Church. And after all there are some distinct advantages in the present condition of ecclesiastical courts. When once they have been branded as temporal courts sacrilegiously usurping and dominating the spiritual jurisdiction, their authority ceases to oblige in conscience. On the other hand, so deliciously unpractical is English law, that decisions gained at enormous expenditure of time and money, only coerce the individual cited. However illegal the practices, the whole process must be repeated indefinitely before they can be successfully suppressed. These prosecutions too can be resisted till the court is constrained to

order imprisonment, and imprisonment is always unpopular in this country. Hitherto its invariable result has been to attract sympathy towards the imprisoned cleric as a good man under persecution. Indignation has fallen upon the assailants, more heavily each time, as disturbers of the public peace, till all but the boldest hearts are terrorized out of the wish to repeat the process. Thus the Ritualists have derived actual encouragement out of these experiences. They have seen that victory lies with them, if only they keep up the fight till the enemy is tired out. Has not every one of the previous judgments gone ultimately against them, and yet the churches where their ritual is practised are increasing in number and influence every year? It is to be anticipated, then, that the present prosecution, even if it should go against the Bishop, will, nevertheless, develop into a victory for him. In its results it will resemble its predecessors in kind, and only differ from them in degree by surpassing them. On the first judgment will follow a monition to discontinue the practices condemned. The monition will be disregarded, and another prosecution will be required to enforce it. This will issue in a suspension, which if similarly disregarded,<sup>1</sup> will lead to a third trial followed by imprisonment. Then will succeed a mighty outcry, expiatory services, sermons,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Leonard Valpy, on behalf of the Church Association, submitted to the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission of 1882 tables to show the result of their representations under the Public Worship Regulation up to date, that is between 1874 and 1882. These show that out of eighteen cases the discontinuation of the ritual complained of was fully obtained in only four. He submits also three prosecutions under the Church Discipline Act during the same period, all which were practical failures. Also out of nineteen presentments to the Bishops based on previous decisions of the courts, "in eight cases the illegal practices have been partially discontinued, in nine cases the illegal practices have been wholly continued." Only three therefore were fully successful. (*Report of Commissioners*, nn. 6253—6293.)

In refusing to submit to the law expressly declared and applied by the constituted authorities, the Ritualistic clergy are commonly accused of dishonesty. "You refuse to obey the law of the Established Church, yet take its revenues." We find it inconceivable how in the teeth of facts they can continue to regard their communion as a portion of the Church Catholic. But it is only fair to acknowledge that, granted their belief that it is, their action is quite intelligible and honest. Mr. Mackonochie's answer to this charge when under examination before the Ecclesiastical Courts Commissions, seems conclusive from his point of view. The Archbishop's interrogation was: "Far be it from me to wish that anybody should leave the society (that is the Church of England), but it seems one thing to say you are free to leave it, and another that you are free to remain in it and laugh at its authorities?" To which Mr. Mackonochie replies: "But I do not think, your Grace, one would be free to leave the only society one can belong to—the Catholic Church. If I belong to a voluntary society, and there are discomforts, of course I would leave." (*Ibid.* n. 6179.)

speeches, protests, petitions, from one end of the country to the other, till some pretext is devised for releasing the prisoner on the score either of health or something similar. Congratulations over the substantial victory will conclude the drama, and the commotion will subside again into tranquillity.

These anticipations proceed on the supposition that the adverse decision will proceed either from the Spiritual Court, or from the Court of Appeal; for it is clear that the promoters are determined to take it to the Court of Appeal if beaten in first instance. But if the Archbishop's Court (or the Synod's) condemn the Bishop, will not the Ritualists submit to its undoubtedly spiritual authority, or if they treat its verdict as opposed to Catholic truth, will they not recognize the unfitness of remaining in a Church whose supreme teaching voice they must needs think has betrayed the faith? Our impression is that they will do neither one nor the other. It is a mistake to imagine that the principle of authority is really acknowledged by the general body of the High Church clergy. They talk indeed a good deal about the Church and its authority to teach. They do imagine that they believe her to be a living teacher. But they have no realization of what is involved in the idea.

This is not said in any want of regard for them. Many of them are good men, deeply conscientious and acting up to their lights. Nor is it possible, in our judgment at least, not to have a fellow feeling for those with whom we have so many more points of creed in common than with the rest of our fellow-countrymen. Still we must take facts as we find them. However much they dislike the name, they are in truth as Protestant as their Low Church brethren. The essence of the distinction between Protestantism and Catholicism lies in the Rule of Faith, and the Ritualist Rule of Faith is exactly that of the Low Church school, the Rule of Private Judgment. In the same measure the Ritualists differ essentially from the Tractarians of the last generation. The Tractarians did believe that our Lord had left behind Him on earth a teaching authority which must be obeyed. Hence when confronted with the result of the Gorham trial, they were terribly crushed, and many came to see that they must either renounce the principle of authority or seek its realization elsewhere. The Ritualists are, in fact, the lineal descendants of those who preferred to renounce the principle. Hence although the adverse decision of a spiritual court in the present case will commit the Anglican communion much

more than did the Gorham judgment, it will probably be found, if given, to have produced comparatively little lasting effect. For it will not succeed in altering the Ritualist's real centre of gravity, which is—not liberty to obey an orthodox living teacher but liberty to teach and practise the doctrine and ceremonies which his own private judgment commends to him as an ancient Christian inheritance.

Of course we are talking of the general body. No doubt there are some among them who have attained to the consciousness that the essence of the Catholic system lies in submission to a living teacher. On these an anti-Ritualistic judgment emanating from a spiritual court must needs be a crushing blow. As believing the Established Church to be in no sense the real Church of Old England, we necessarily watch with interest the effects of the prosecution on such souls. Nevertheless we will not be so ungracious as to desire, indeed for many reasons we do not desire, that the prosecution should go against the Bishop. We will be content to pray that its issues may be ordered by God to the enlightenment of all who desire to hold by the truth

S. F. S.

## *Einsiedeln.*

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IN the centre of Switzerland, half-way between the Lakes of Zurich and Lucerne, on a high plateau where the richness of the land bears witness to the forests which for unnumbered years shed their fertilizing leaves upon it, lies the little town of Einsiedeln. Einsiedeln is a town almost unique of its kind. It is a curious combination of the peace and quiet of mediaeval times and the busy activity of modern life. It unites in itself the patriarchal rule of the old monastic days with all the most useful inventions that the science of the present day has devised. The time-honoured traditions of one of the most ancient of Religious Orders are there preserved, remaining side by side with an appreciation of modern culture that the most obstinate of Philistines can scarcely deny. The bell that sounds the hours from the towers of the convent has sounded ever since those towers were built; but a new clock, only just set up with the most modern of horologic appliances, ensures its perfect accuracy of time. Some twenty other electric clocks in various parts of the monastery, in refectory, dormitories, schoolrooms, recreation-rooms, as well as up and down the cloistered passages of the monastery, correspond with absolute exactitude to the parent dial from which their movements are directed. The classical teaching of the Benedictine schools is still maintained intact in all its time-honoured traditions, yet no modern improvements in the method of instruction or in the subjects of study is lost sight of. Scarce any of the monks have lived outside convent walls from the day that they were first received, yet many of them speak fluently and easily several languages. The old plain chant rings as of old through the church during the first sung Mass on Sundays and holidays, yet the best classical music of modern times finds its due place on high festival days.

Outside the monastery the same union of the old and the

new prevails. The very hotel which faces the convent has an antique tone about it, joined to every modern convenience. In the great industry which is one of the features of Einsiedeln, the workshops and printing establishments of Messrs. Benziger, it is just the same—simple Swiss life, with all its patriarchal friendliness between employers and employed, the strict rules of conduct, the early hours, the modest simplicity of demeanour, is joined with a most careful adoption of all that is worth having in modern inventions. Printing, lithography, book-folding, bookbinding, photography, are all conducted on the best and latest principles, and every mechanical process that saves and lightens labour will be all found there in all its perfection.

Einsiedeln is, moreover, almost unique in being a town devoted entirely, directly or indirectly, to the work of religion. Look out upon the square, and you will see how many of the hotels bear some holy name—Hotel St. Catherine, Gasthof des heiligen Johannes, Hotel St. Joseph, Gasthaus zum Schwarzen Kreuz—all finding their main support in pilgrims visiting Einsiedeln. The one great industry is the production of works of piety—all else does but minister to this. Einsiedeln is a place of pilgrimage which has maintained its reputation, and has been continually frequented year by year in almost unbroken continuity for over a thousand years. If Lourdes is wonderful, Einsiedeln is in some respects more wonderful still—wonderful in its antiquity, wonderful in the modern industry that finds its home there, and scatters its beauteous handiwork all over the civilized world; wonderful in the magnificent Benedictine monastery which has flourished there almost from the time of Charlemagne; wonderful too in the traditional fame of its shrine, which attracts a continuous stream of pilgrims all through the summer months. For though it boasts of no apparition of our Lady such as has for ever hallowed the little grotto by the waters of the Gave; though no series of unquestionable and most wonderful miracles can be claimed on its behalf, it nevertheless assembles each year tens of thousands of pious pilgrims. The yearly concourse, instead of diminishing, increases, and the fame of Our Lady of Einsiedeln becomes ever greater, and the love entertained for the black Madonna enclosed in the chapel that Conrad built and angels consecrated, grows year by year in Catholic hearts. The town is the creation of the large Benedictine

convent which owns the greater part of the country round, and gives to it its own mingled character of ancient and modern usage.

Our Lady of Einsiedeln and Our Lady of Lourdes represent different sides of the same strong devotion that inflames all Catholic hearts to the Holy Mother of God. The one assists and promotes the other. The modern pilgrimage, instead of eclipsing the older one, seems only to have furthered its honour. There is no more rivalry between them than between our Lord and His Holy Mother. As devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, or to the Holy Ghost, or to St. Joseph, is sure to increase wherever greater honour is paid to Mary, so devotion to one shrine is augmented by devotion to another. One of the features of Einsiedeln is the presence in all the shops of statues and images of Our Lady of Lourdes. Many pious practices have been borrowed from Lourdes. The same hymns are sung, and the *Ave Maria* so familiar to the visitors to the grotto of the Gave, rings also through the valleys of Switzerland. From Lourdes has been learned the custom of a torch-light procession on the eve of the great feast of the dedication of the chapel by angels, up the zigzag path that leads from the square in front of the monastery to a statue of St. Conrad on a hill behind the town.

We will watch the pious pilgrims, some thousand it may be or twelve hundred, as they thread their way two and two along the path, singing lustily the songs of Lourdes. The pilgrims come from all the Catholic centres of Switzerland, from France, from Northern Italy, from Bavaria, from Wurtemberg, from various other parts of Germany. It is the 13th of September, and the morrow is the festival of the "Engelweihe." Some nine hundred and fifty years ago, on this very evening, St. Conrad, the holy Bishop of Constance, had come at the summons of St. Eberhard, the Abbot of the monastery, to consecrate the Chapel of Our Lady and the magnificent church containing it, which he had just built to the glory of God and to the honour of Our Lady of Einsiedeln. But before we tell the story as found in the Papal Bull which authorizes it, we must go back to the first origin of the splendid Benedictine monastery which is the glory of Catholic Switzerland, and not of Switzerland alone, but of the whole Catholic world. Few indeed are the monasteries that are able to point to an unbroken life of over a thousand years, during which the monks, though often perse-

cuted and more than once despoiled, have never been driven forth to seek another home.

The patron saint of the convent, to whom it owes its origin, though he was not, properly speaking, its founder, was St. Meinrad, whose fame is not confined to Einsiedeln and its neighbourhood. The curious legend respecting his death is one which has reached the ear of most visitors to Switzerland, or at least they have seen the strange picture of two men vainly striving to beat off two ravens, who flutter over them, from time to time dashing in their faces and pecking furiously at their eyes and cheeks. They may have seen moreover these same ravens represented as the companions of the Saint, eating at his table, or perched close by his side.

St. Meinrad, or Meginrad, was born, in the time of Charlemagne, of the Royal family of the Hohenzollern. He was brought, while still a child, to be educated at the celebrated convent of Reichenau, situated on an island on the Lake of Constance, where his maternal uncle, Erlebald, Count of Suabia, was Abbot. There he soon distinguished himself by his virtue. When he grew up, God gave him a vocation to religious life; he was ordained priest, and became renowned for sanctity in the monastery. About this time, the monks of a small monastery on the Lake of Zurich that was subject to Reichenau, asked the Abbot of Reichenau to send them a Superior to train them in learning and in the discipline of the cloister. Meinrad was sent, and performed the duties of his new office with the greatest diligence and success. But he had a strong interior impulse from Almighty God to forsake the company of men, and to go and live a hermit's life alone with God. He learned from the people of the country that there was a mountain not far off called the Etzel, behind which lay a vast solitude called the Dark Forest. Thither he went, at the age of twenty-six, with his Abbot's consent, and built himself a little hut in the depth of the wood. A pious old lady of Altendorf sent him every week what was necessary for the support of life, and also built him a little chapel in the neighbourhood of his cell. The renown of his sanctity spread, and gradually visitors began to flock to him to listen to his pious words and to have the benefit of his spiritual counsel. Meinrad, however, craved after being alone with God, and leaving Etzel, he buried himself still deeper in the Dark Forest. He had

previously communicated his design to the pious Hildegarde (or Heilwige),<sup>1</sup> daughter of King Louis of Germany, and Abbess of a convent in Zurich. She built him a cell and a chapel in a remote depth of the forest, where he would be safe from intruders. Among her other gifts to him was a beautifully carved wooden statue of our Lady, to whom, like every saint who ever lived, he had a very fervent devotion. It is this same statue which still remains in the chapel built upon the spot where Meinrad first honoured it. It has indeed passed through many vicissitudes and many dangers, as we shall see presently. But it has escaped them all, and is now the centre of that wondrous pilgrimage which draws each year tens of thousands to the scene of Meinrad's holy life.

For twenty-five years Meinrad dwelt in his happy solitude. His only companions were two ravens, whom he had trained, and who followed him everywhere. But one day, *instigante diabolo*, came two wretches in search of plunder, and asked Meinrad for hospitality. The holy man received them with his usual kindness, as if they had been pious strangers desiring his counsel. But they for some reason suspected that he had hidden treasures, and rising that night they cruelly murdered him. Their names are given in the legend to authenticate its truth. They were Richard from Nördlingen in Ries, and Peter from Churwelchen in Bündnerland. The story tells us that as soon as the ravens descried their approach, they flew up high into the air with notes of fear, as if to warn their master, and express their terror of the murderers. When the holy man was slain they followed them about with unceasing cries. When Richard and Peter, after a vain search for the supposed booty, started for Wollerau on the lake, the birds pursued them, and when they passed across the lake to Zurich they still flew after them, uttering the same cries high above their heads. At length the guilty wretches arrived at Zurich, and entered the little inn, "Zum Dorf." There at least they would be free from their persecutors. But the faithful ravens, spying an open window, darted in after them, and soon began to raise a hideous din. They flew at their faces, pecked and scratched at their eyes, upset their wine, and scattered their victuals on

<sup>1</sup> The name of this Princess and Abbess is not certain. Neugart, in his *History of the Bishops of Constance*, writes: "Victum quo ex pia consuetudine parcissime utebatur subministravit Heilwiga abbatissa;" and adds in a note: "Hartmannus ad marginem Hildegardam filiam Ludovici substituit."

the floor. The bystanders made vain attempts to drive them away, and began to wonder what all this meant.

Meanwhile, as the murderers passed through the village of Wollerau, they attracted the attention of a carpenter who knew and loved St. Meinrad, had visited him in his cell, and watched the friendly ravens eating from the hand of the Saint. When he saw the thieves with their ruffianly hang-dog looks pass through the village, with the ravens pursuing them, he said to his brother who stood by, "Those ravens are very like those I saw with the holy man who lives in the Dark Wood. There must be something wrong. Why are they following those two rascals? I cannot rest content without going to see whether anything has happened to him. If you, brother, will follow these men and keep them in sight, I will go off to Meinrad, and will hasten after you when I have ascertained whether he is safe." His brother accordingly followed the thieves to Zurich, and they had not been long in the inn there, when the terror-stricken carpenter, who had found Meinrad lying dead in his cell, arrived in all haste, having learned by continual inquiry the route they had taken. He told his tale. The murderers were seized and taken before the Count Adalbert and the magistrates of Zurich, confessed the crime, and were condemned to be broken on the wheel and then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the lake. The ravens watched them continually until they were dead upon the wheel, and then flew back into the Dark Forest and appeared no more.

Of the general truth of this story there is no doubt whatever. In a very old MS. entitled *Liber Heremi* (The Book of the Solitude), in the archives of Einsiedeln, there is contained the following entry for the year 869, "St. Meinrad is killed by two robbers on the 21st of January"<sup>1</sup> (*Sanctus Meginradus a duobus latronibus occiditur XII. Kal. Feb.*)

St. Meinrad's skull was carefully preserved, and now rests under the altar of the little chapel of our Lady, where stands the Madonna that St. Meinrad loved, as if he would still look up to her whom he honoured on earth, and render to her a grateful acknowledgment of the adoration that is her due in the palaces of Heaven.

<sup>1</sup> There is considerable doubt about the year of St. Meinrad's death. Some say it was in 861 or 862. In Einsiedeln 861 was practically adopted by the celebration of the jubilee in the year 1861.

The story of Meinrad's tragic death, and of the vengeance that had overtaken his murderers, was soon spread abroad. His renown of sanctity, which had already been in the mouths of men during his life, was enhanced by the details of the ravens, who had been his companions during life and the avengers of his death. Pilgrims began to flock to the Dark Wood, and other solitaries occupied the cell where he had lived. Among these was one more celebrated than any who had been there since the death of Meinrad. St. Benno had been Canon of Strasburg, till God called him to a higher life. With several companions he came to the Dark Wood, and established there a little community. They constructed a group of cells, and cleared the woods for some distance around. For twenty-one years St. Benno lived there in happiness and peace. At the end of that time, in 925, he was summoned to occupy the see of Metz. It was a dignity more full of danger than of worldly honour or advantage. Our Saint's zeal against oppression and vice roused the fury of some of the inhabitants of Metz. One day they surrounded his palace, dragged him forth, cruelly ill-used him, tore out his eyes, and drove him forth thus mutilated from his episcopal city. The King soon heard of the crime, convened the Diet, had the criminals executed, and re-instated the holy bishop in his see. But Benno would not stay. He recognized in his blindness a call from God to return to his dear solitude, and in 927 he took up his abode there again among his joyful yet sorrowing disciples. There he died in 940, and was buried in the little chapel of St. Meinrad.

It was only a short time after his death that St. Eberhard, who was of a rich and illustrious Suabian family, and had been Provost of Strasburg Cathedral, was inspired by Almighty God to give up his worldly prospects, and come and live among the solitaries of Einsiedeln. His riches he devoted to the construction of a magnificent church, within which the chapel of St. Meinrad was to be enclosed. Around the church he built a continuous building for the monks who had previously lived in detached cells. In 946 he had completed his plans, and the church was finished and the monastery adjoined it. Two years later he invited St. Conrad, Bishop of Constance (the diocese within which Einsiedeln was situate), to come and consecrate the church. The Bishop came without delay, and the 14th of September was appointed for the consecration.

But our Lord had a higher than episcopal consecration in store for the shrine where His holy Mother had been so long honoured, and where so many saints had dwelt. The Bishop had arrived at Einsiedeln on the previous day, and, as was his wont, descended to the church to spend some part of the night in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. But he was soon interrupted with a vision of which no parallel exists in the whole history of the Church. Our Lord took the consecration of the church and shrine into His own sacred Hands, and deputed the saints and angels to be His ministers in the ceremony. St Conrad saw a sight which has never been granted to mortal men before or since. Before the altar Jesus Christ Himself appeared, attended by saints and angels, and there celebrated the Holy Mysteries, thus consecrating by His Presence the church that had been built. But we will let the Papal Bull of Leo the Eighth tell the story in its own words.

"We desire it to be known to all the faithful that our venerable Brother Conrad Bishop of Constance has, in the presence of the Emperor Otto, our dear son, and Adelheid his spouse, informed us that in the year of our Lord 948 he came to a place situate in his jurisdiction, called the Cloister of Meinrad. He had been summoned to consecrate there, on the 14th of September, a chapel in honour of the holy Mother of God, Mary ever Virgin. But having risen, according to his custom, about midnight to pray, he said that he heard most delicious music. The same was also heard by other of his religious brethren. When he desired to examine more carefully what this might be, he learned without a doubt (*veraciter comprehendit*) that this music and these sweet strains were sung by angels on the occasion of the consecration of the chapel which he had come to consecrate in the ordinary way. For he beheld in the church our Lord descend from heaven (it is St. Conrad himself who in his book, *De Secretis Sanctorum*, tells the story), clad in a violet chasuble, to celebrate before the altar the Holy Mysteries. The four Evangelists were his assistants, placing the mitre on His Head and removing it again in the usual manner. Angels carried golden censers, fanning them with their wings as with the boughs of trees. By the side of our Lord was St. Gregory, holding in his hand a fan, and St. Peter holding a crozier. St. Austin and St. Ambrose were standing before Him. Our Blessed Lady

was in front of the altar, in the splendour of her glory (*splendida sicut fulgor*). St. Michael was precentor, St. Stephen read the Epistle, St. Laurence the Gospel. The *Sanctus* was sung as follows: 'O God Who art holy in the temple of the glorious Virgin, have mercy upon us. Blessed is the Son of Mary for ever Who is come to reign.' (*Sanctus Deus in aula gloriose Virginis, miserere nobis. Benedictus Mariæ Filius in æternum regnaturus qui venit.*) The *Agnus Dei* was sung thus: 'Lamb of God, have mercy on the living who believe in Thee. Lamb of God, have mercy on the dead who rest in Thee. Lamb of God, give peace to the living and the dead who in Thee reign in glory. The Lord be with you.' (*Agnus Dei miserere vivorum in te credentium, miserere nobis. Agnus Dei miserere mortuorum in te pie quiescentium, miserere nobis. Agnus Dei da pacem vivis et defunctis in te pie regnantibus. Dominus vobiscum.*) To which the angels answered: 'Who sits upon the cherubim and sees into the abyss.' (*Qui sedet super Cherubim et intuetur abyssos.*)

"When it was morning and all things were ready, the Bishop lingered on, and remained where he was till near mid-day. At length his attendants came to the chapel, and begged him to begin the promised consecration. When he refused to do so, and told them of his vision, they chid him sharply (*acriter reprehenderunt*), until they clearly heard a voice three times repeating: 'Cease, brother, the chapel has been Divinely consecrated.' Then, in fear, they recognized the truth of what had happened, and of the holy vision, and from that day affirmed with truth that the church had had its consecration from Heaven. Afterwards our dear Brother, the Bishop aforesigned, came to the tomb (*limina*) of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, to consult our authority if, after this reality that he had seen, and that was without doubt, he or any bishop after him could put their hand to the work of consecration.

"We, therefore, having consulted our venerable brothers, Hatto, Archbishop of Maintz, Bruno, Archbishop of Cologne, Anno, Bishop of Worms, and many others, by their advice, declare the consecration of the said chapel to be valid, and that no bishop, either now present or to come, may venture to consecrate it again. We, by the authority of the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, and that of our aforesaid brethren and our own, forbid any such consecration under pain of anathema."

Then follows the promise of a Plenary Indulgence to all who devoutly visit the place, and confess their sins with contrition.<sup>1</sup>

The miraculous consecration of the church of Einsiedeln and the creation of the hermitage into an abbey soon after, increased its fame and brought a large number of pilgrims year by year to visit a place that had been so highly favoured. The number of religious gradually increased and were drawn almost entirely from the class of nobles. Kings and princes endowed it with lands far and near, without, however, impairing the strict poverty that was observed within its walls. The island of Uffnau on the Lake of Zurich, was bestowed upon it by Otho the First. Henry the Second, the saintly Emperor of Austria, was one of its greatest benefactors. Among its Abbots were Gregory, the nephew of Alfred the Great, who was made a Prince of the Empire, and the same dignity was bestowed on another abbot in 1294. Many of its abbots were raised to the Episcopacy. Many of its members had to leave their beloved monastery to teach at various German universities. For the Benedictines of Einsiedeln had kept up the reputation of their Order for learning as well as for holiness of life, and the Abbey was the mother of many a scholar and many a saint in the days when Germany still maintained her fidelity to the Holy See unbroken amid the strife of nations and in spite of the passion and ambition of her princes. It had its troubles, but they were from without, not from within. From time to time the greed of kings and nobles robbed the monastery of its possessions. It was three several times burned to the ground. But it survived all these troubles, and the strict discipline and religious spirit, the peace and mutual charity of the good religious, ensured it a continuous prosperity of over five hundred years.

But ill days were at hand, and the flood of corruption that was to deluge Europe was already at work, even while every country was still nominally and professedly Catholic. The zeal and fervour of earlier times had waned—worldliness and ambition and avarice, and a love of display had invaded the very precincts of the sanctuary. Convents and monasteries,

<sup>1</sup> The document is dated November 10, Anno Dom. 964, that is to say, sixteen years after the consecration took place. It is to be found in the Benedictine Breviary. Whether the Bull is authentic or not seems a little doubtful, as the names of some of the Bishops whom the Pope is said to have consulted are at variance with other records. But there is no doubt respecting the fact, which has in its favour continuous and undisputed tradition.

with their splendid revenues, sometimes became the home of luxury, dwindled away on account of the distaste for a religious life, that was the result of the advancing spirit of independence.

Einsiedeln seems to have shared the fate of the rest. In 1500 we find its numbers greatly reduced. A large portion of its property was confiscated by the Reformers and it was threatened with total extinction. But God in His mercy raised up a holy man, Louis Blarer, who was sent by the Catholic Government of the canton Schwytz from the Abbey of St. Gall, to restore its discipline and recruit its numbers. His zeal and energy were the means of saving it from ruin. He collected novices, enforced a strict observance of the rule, secured for it the property that was threatened with confiscation, and at his death left it in a vigorous and flourishing condition. Einsiedeln had passed through the fire, in a moral as well as a material sense. In 1577 it had been burned to the ground, and had arisen more beautiful than ever. The fire of tribulation had passed over it in the days of the Reformation and had purified it of the spirit of tepidity and worldliness that had threatened it. For another couple of centuries it maintained its vigour and religious spirit. But in 1789 a more destructive storm burst upon it. The French Revolution swept over Switzerland with fire and sword. The revolutionary army attacked the canton of Schwytz and approached Einsiedeln. The monks, foreseeing the tempest, and knowing that the fury of the enemy was always directed most violently against the sacred objects of Catholic devotion, determined that if they could not save their convent, they would at least preserve from sacrilegious outrage the holy image of our Lady that had been given to St. Meinrad, and had been ever since the chief ornament of their monastery and the object of the devotion of the pilgrims who flocked thither. They therefore carried it off to the village of Alpthal at the foot of the Mythenstock, cunningly substituting a facsimile in its place. The French army marched on Einsiedeln, seized and pillaged the convent, drove out the religious, burned the holy chapel to the ground, and carried off the statue that they found within it in triumph to Paris.

But the French General had his suspicions. Some miracle must have been worked to maintain a statue that was near one thousand years old, as fresh as if it had just come from the hand of the workman. So the Benedictine priest who was Curé of the own was summoned and cross-questioned. Was the statue that

had been sent off to Paris in triumph really the statue which had drawn pilgrims from all the country round?

The Benedictine had to find some mode of evading. In such cases it is often wise to ask a question in return. The doubt expressed by the General quite astonished him.

"Had not the statue been found in the Holy Chapel?"

"Yes, it had."

"Did M. le Général suppose that the monks would permit the chapel to be profaned by any unconsecrated image?"

"Perhaps not, but how was its appearance of newness and freshness to be explained?"

"M. le Général seems to forget that a statue, even a miraculous statue, has to be repainted from time to time, in order to preserve it from decay. A new coat of paint will always give an appearance of newness, even to a statue one thousand years old. If M. le Général thinks that the statue carried to Paris is not the original, let him have careful search made, and see if there is any other."

So through God's providence the General was put off for a time, but the monks fearing the search, sent off the holy image from Alphthal to a hiding-place on the top of a neighbouring mountain. But somehow its presence there became known to the pious peasants around, and a little stream of pilgrims began to flock thither. So another removal was necessary. Some nuns at Bludenz sheltered it for a time, but on the approach of the Revolutionary army one of the Benedictines escaped with it to Trieste. When the French troops were gone, he brought it back to the convent at Bludenz, and there it remained until Switzerland was safe from the invaders, and the restored chapel was ready once again to receive the sacred image.

On September 29, 1862, the feast of St. Michael, a solemn procession of the monks, the authorities of the town, and a crowd of pilgrims started from Einsiedeln to the chapel of St. Meinrad, on the Etzel, some two leagues away, where the image had been placed previously to its solemn restoration. In joy and triumph they returned bearing their beloved and holy image, welcoming it back after its wanderings with hymns of triumph, as the Israelites welcomed back the ark of God after it had wandered away from Jerusalem. *Salve Regina* was the key-note of their song. In memory of that happy day the whole body of religious repair each evening after Vespers to the Holy Chapel, and there upon their knees sing the *Salve Regina* to

their Mother and their Queen. On the day of the restoration, moreover, there is sung a Solemn High Mass in honour of St. Michael to thank him for his powerful protection of their sacred treasure from the hands of the enemy. From that day onward the monastery steadily prospered. The Abbot Beatus, who governed at the time of the return of the image, was a man of holiness and prudence. His successor, Abbot Conrad Tanner, was the very man who had fled with the image from Bludenz to Trieste. The numbers of the monastery increased, and though the war of 1847 threatened fresh dangers, yet the storm swept by and left it unharmed to continue its life of prayer and study and active zeal for the souls of others.

The casual visitor to Einsiedeln, who knows not the story of this holy image, will wonder at the extraordinary devotion that still burns in Catholic hearts towards this wonderful Madonna. As we enter the Church, in the midst of the nave rises a dome supported on black marble columns. All around it are kneeling hundreds of pious pilgrims. We will suppose the time to be the month of September, when the miraculous consecration took place, though in point of fact all through the summer the pilgrimage continues. Those kneeling there are one and all reciting the Rosary in honour of our Lady. The chapel around which they are contains the celebrated image, which is the centre of their veneration. Within the chapel a thousand candles are burning. We have the privilege of entering, and observing closely the features of the statue. Our Lady holds the Infant Jesus in her arms. On her head is a jewelled crown and a rich golden robe surrounds her. The expression on the face is most beautiful in spite of its blackness, and the words of Holy Scripture rise instinctively to our lips, *Nigra sum sed formosa O filiae Jerusalem*—"I am black but beautiful, O daughters of Jerusalem." It seems as if the words of Solomon had been written with a view to Our Lady of Einsiedeln. We look around and admire the beautiful bas-reliefs, in which are represented the various scenes of her life ending with her Assumption in Heaven.

When we have satisfied our dévotion there, we wander out into the church. It is not classical, but it is very rich and magnificent in its decorations. Everywhere statues, pictures, frescoes. On its arches the whole history of Christianity seems to be written, nay, the history of man from the Creation, for around the choir we observe, painted in bas-relief upon the

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arches, the chief scenes from Jewish history. The church dates from 1735. The decorations were finished only fifty years ago. We will not attempt any detailed description of it. Whatever the critic may think of the classic accuracy of its style, no one can deny its richness and magnificence, or its imposing proportions and striking grandeur. No one can deny that it is a temple worthy of her in whose honour it was constructed, and what can we say in its praise more than this?

One word, in conclusion, about the monastery and its work. The primary work of the Benedictine Order, here as elsewhere, is prayer and praise of God, the singing of the Divine Office, and a life of recollection and solitude. But they also do a great work for the souls of others. The pilgrimage to Einsiedeln is one of the greatest of European pilgrimages. How many a pilgrim there recovers the peace and happiness he had lost by sin, is only known to God, and to the good monks whom He employs as His ministers in dispensing the holy sacrament of reconciliation. Einsiedeln, too, is the largest and most celebrated of the Catholic colleges of Switzerland, ever since the Society of Jesus was expelled the country, and the Jesuit college at Schwytz fell into the hands of the enemy. There are at present some two hundred and fifty scholars at the monastery, some day boys and some boarders. The monastery is, moreover, the owner of almost all the country round, and thus exercises a beneficial influence which is incalculable. Under its shadow has sprung up the world-wide industry of which we have already spoken. The workshops of Messrs. Benziger are in the material order what the monastery is in the spiritual order; and not in the material order only, for their well-arranged workrooms, and the careful regulations that they maintain among the hundreds of workmen that they employ, are a security for the fear of God and for purity of morals that deserves high praise. Not only in the material order only, in another sense, for what can more promote devotion and the remembrance of God and pious thoughts and holy aspirations, than the pictures, statues, magazines, and books, all of them promotive of what is good, that they send to every part of the civilized world? I do not hesitate to say that the diffusion of sacred pictures by this firm is a real benefit to the cause of the Church. Their artistic beauty, and the spirit of devotion that breathes through them, must foster among Catholics of every land a love for all that is good and

pure and holy; while their exceeding cheapness ensures their being widely spread. What lover of holiness and purity can fail to be grateful to the enterprise and persevering energy of a firm that has done so much to cultivate a taste for religious pictures in every class of our Catholic population? Who can help being grateful to them, when we contrast their chaste designs with the silly emptiness, and the vulgar sensationalism, and the low, or even immodest designs which appear in the publications of too many modern publishers? Who can help being grateful to them for their attractive magazines and interesting periodicals, all tending to the honour of God and His holy Mother, to the service of the Catholic Church?

But I have wandered away from the monastery; I will return to it only to remind any of my readers who shall visit Switzerland in the summer not to forget to pay a visit to Einsiedeln, and to choose if possible the 14th of September, the day on which the largest number of pilgrims come together to honour the festival of the "Engelweihe," or miraculous consecration of the church, that I have described above.

### *A Tangled Tale.*

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IN the logical methods of our popular evolutionary teachers there is nothing more remarkable than the guileless and engaging simplicity with which they hold to the belief that it is quite possible at once to eat your cake and have it. The cardinal point of the doctrine they proclaim is that no purpose operates in Nature, and that the explanation of everything we see is to be found in the mechanical forces of matter. So far so good; the human mind, no doubt, finds a certain satisfaction in thus reducing to the simplest possible elements the machinery of the universe. But if purpose be abolished, the means of explanation which purpose affords must be abolished, too; we can, in this case, no longer explain the forms and arrangements we meet in nature, by saying that they are means devised for the attainment of an end; that is to say, they will not be accounted for by anything that follows from them. It will obviously be no explanation of the shape of a flint hatchet to say that its form was needed for cutting, unless we suppose that it was meant to cut. If we once imagine that such a stone has been shaped by the forces of nature alone, we must face the difficulty of supposing the rain and the frost to have produced, without purpose, just such an article as purpose would have contrived. And in exactly the same manner, when we find such a structure as a bird's feather, so fashioned as exactly to meet the requirements of flight, we cannot, discarding the idea of purpose, proceed to argue that the need of such an instrument for flying purposes accounts for its production: for where, in the nature of things, is the necessity that anything should fly? Unless it has been predetermined that flying creatures should be produced, a feather is a work of chance, evolved from dead matter by a series of lucky accidents, and flight itself is an accident, resulting from the chance production of various structures, feathers amongst them.

This is the situation which materialistic philosophy should face and account for; but, despite its professions, it never really attempts to do so. The idea of purpose, we are indeed assured, is overthrown, and many a war dance do we witness, executed over its prostrate form; but when the need for an explanation arises, an explanation which nothing else will furnish, the idea of a pre-ordained end is quietly smuggled in, so wrapped up in words as not to appear what it really is; and as "inherent potentiality," or "correlation," or "heredity," or "epigenesis,"<sup>1</sup> or "ontogenesis," or "cephalisation,"<sup>2</sup> or "molecular polarity,"<sup>3</sup> or under some other sounding name, a force is introduced which either means nothing at all, or means that there is some predetermination whereof the operation is visible.

These are, however, but satellites of the great central luminary of the evolutionary system—Natural Selection—and it is generally found more convenient to explain things simply by referring them to it. Natural Selection, we are constantly assured, altogether dispenses with the need of purpose for the explanation of the world we see. Things, it is said, have come to be as they are, not because they were beforehand meant to be so, but because they have been made to be so through stress of circumstances. Every species of animals and plants tends to vary, in a greater or less degree, from the specific type. As there is a perpetual struggle for existence in progress amongst living creatures, which are produced in far larger numbers than the earth can support, those whose variations chance to be in an advantageous direction get a start in the race for life, and handing on their special variations, still more developed, to their posterity, they thus produce in course of time the infinite varieties of structure which the world of life exhibits. It is by taking advantage of such variations that man has been able to form his breeds of sheep, of horses, and of pigeons; it is so that the nursery-gardener produces his

<sup>1</sup> "In the progress of organic evolution, each stage determines its successor, consensus of the whole impressing a peculiar direction on the development of the parts, the law of epigenesis necessitating a serial development." (Mr. Lewes, *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1868.)

<sup>2</sup> In these creatures (the cuttlefish), the tendency to head development, or cephalisation, reaches its maximum." (Dr. Andrew Wilson, *Chapters on Evolution*, p. 362.)

<sup>3</sup> "The specific shape of an organic plasma is always dependent on the polarity of its molecules, and is due to the operation of immanent properties." (Lewes, *ubi sup.*)

prize varieties of auriculas or jonquils, and the orchard man of apples. He selects those spontaneous variations which tend in the direction he wants, and by judicious crossing he makes his animal or plant develop along that line. What man can thus do in a brief time, nature has surely been able to do in the countless ages at her disposal, and thus in the constant perpetuation of whatever is better for the purposes of life, we have a full and satisfactory explanation of every part of the machinery of nature we so much admire; for in the mere fact that each portion thereof exists, we have a clear proof that it is better for its particular purposes than are others; a proof just as clear as we should have, were we to know that it had been specially designed.

Such is the nature of what is commonly described as the "Force of Natural Selection;" but, whatever else may be said of it, it is obvious that in no true sense is it either a *force* or a *selection*. It can no more be called the force originating development than a window can be called the cause of light in a room, or than a net is the cause of little fishes slipping through its meshes. All that, according to the showing of its advocates, natural selection does for development is, not to arrest its progress along certain lines: its function must, at best, be purely directive and, without a true force to direct, it would be as powerless as would be a coachman without horses.

But—which for present purposes is even more important—if it has no rightful claim to be called a force, it has still less to be called *selection*, and this title which it has appropriated has done more to veil its nakedness than any advocacy, however able. For the term "selection" at once introduces an idea which appears to furnish the theory exactly with that which it most grievously lacks.<sup>1</sup> Natural Selection is compared with artificial selection, as though they were analogous. But man's selection *is* a selection: individuals of a species are picked out for a purpose; they are made means to an end; and subsequent development is thus removed from the domain of chance. In "natural selection," on the other hand, the goal

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Andrew Wilson, an enthusiastic Darwinian, is very jubilant over this title, but fails to note the point which his laudation of it serves powerfully to emphasize. He writes: "The term 'natural selection,' applied by Mr. Darwin to his theory of evolution, is in itself a highly expressive designation. It indicates an analogy with the process of 'selection' whereby man *chooses the animals he intends to breed from.*" (*Chapters on Evolution*, p. 7.) But this is precisely what nature cannot do.

to be attained can in no way serve to guide the course; progress is left to chance, and the chances are against it. This it is, more than anything else, which renders impossible the process of development by natural selection. Let us suppose a quality to be required by man among some of his domestic animals, for instance, long straight horns among his cattle. Some of the young animals born in his herd will have horns slightly longer and also straighter than their crumple-horned parents. He *selects* individuals of this type, and pairing these he secures that there shall be individuals in the third generation still farther developed towards the ideal with which he started; and so on till that ideal be attained. But if the same work be left for natural selection to do, the conditions are altogether changed, the one element that in the former instance secured success being omitted—the element of *selection*. No doubt there will still be in the second generation individuals showing a slight tendency in the required direction; and if one individual could hand on the race, we might indeed expect to find the feature still more developed in the third generation. But a mate is needed, and the concurrence of a pair duly qualified to transmit the development, must be purely fortuitous; for the first minute stages of variation are insufficient to account for selective preference. If, therefore, starting from a generation of undeveloped animals, we suppose that in each succeeding generation so large a proportion as one half vary in the right direction, and that consequently one half of the second generation are so developed, the chances will still be even, that each of these developed individuals will find an unsuitable mate, a mate whose development is not in the same line; and that development will consequently be arrested. One half of the individuals capable of transmitting the development being duly mated, or one fourth of the whole race, one half of their offspring (one eighth of the whole), will, on our supposition, carry the development a stage farther. But the chances are now only one in eight of their making a suitable match, or seven to one against it. That is to say, each of the duly developed has seven wrong mates to choose, for one right one; and but one eighth even of the selected band (or one sixty-fourth portion of the whole) can succeed in transmitting the development. So the improbabilities continue to augment; in the next generation the representatives of development will be to the undeveloped but as one to a hundred and twenty-

seven, and the chance of a suitable pair occurring will have reached the hopeful figure of 1 to 16383. This only in the fourth generation. The improbability will of course increase in a like ratio at each step, that is to say, for all practical purposes, probability disappears at once.<sup>1</sup> It would in fact be vastly more likely that we should cast aces three hundred times running, with a pair of unloaded dice, or toss "tails" two thousand times with an honest coin, than that a development should be handed down by natural selection through ten generations, even if we start with so favourable a supposition as that one half of the offspring tend to vary in the required direction. What would it be if we were to take the number as one in twenty, or one in two hundred, though even that, as we shall presently see, must be immensely beyond the truth? But giving chance the most favourable odds, this is all it can make of them; and chance, be it once more observed, is the ruling power of development, unless there be predetermination; and if there be, it is predetermination, not natural selection, that accounts for development towards the predetermined end.

It is thus evident that there is no true parity between man's selective power, and that by a false analogy, attributed to nature. Man loads the dice and therefore is sure of his throws. Nature, on the Darwinian hypothesis, plays with unloaded dice, and therefore she cannot rival the feats of the human player. It will also be seen that the element of time, on which evolutionists so much rely, avails them nothing. Even were astronomers willing to allow, as they are not,<sup>2</sup> the hundreds of millions of years which Darwinians postulate for the world's existence, it would only make their case worse, for their mass of improbabilities, like a monster snowball, gathers as it goes.

<sup>1</sup> Taking  $\frac{1}{4}$  as the probability of a suitable pair in the second generation, the figure in each succeeding case is found by dividing the preceding fraction by 2, and squaring the result so obtained. In the fifth generation the probability would therefore be as  $1073741824$ .

<sup>2</sup> "What then does the physicist tell us was the initial condition of this globe? I will not go into the vexed question of geological time, though as a geologist I must say that we have reason to complain of Sir W. Thomson. Years ago he reduced our credit at the bank of time to a hundred millions of years. We grumbled, but submitted, and endeavoured to diminish our drafts. Now he has suddenly put up the shutters, and declared a dividend of less than four shillings in the pound. I trust some aggrieved shareholder will prosecute the manager." (Professor G. T. Bonney, *The Foundation-stones of the Earth's Crust*. Brit. Association, 1888. See *Nature*, November 22, 1888, p. 93.)

Such, then, is the "force" that is so confidently invoked to account for the complicated machinery of nature. Natural Selection is constantly spoken of as though it were a magician that could at any moment bring out of the hat whatever was at the moment needed; and a creature's demand for new apparatus is represented as in itself enough to create a supply, just as though there were a benevolent rich uncle to appeal to. Having seen what "natural selection" really means, it will be instructive for us to consider some examples of the manner in which the Darwinian theory is worked by its advocates, and observe how inevitably they ignore the fact that it is chance factors they profess to be working with, and invoke anything but chance to account for facts.

Mr. Grant Allen, who is certainly amongst the most popular exponents of the creed, affords us an excellent instance in his essay on the skeleton of a crow.<sup>1</sup> He picks out from it the clumped tail bone, "a strange fragment truly," he tells us, "with a strange history." Birds, he goes on, are a development from reptiles; reptiles have long bony tails, the tail of a bird consists of "several separate vertebrae, all firmly welded together by a single piece." How came this transformation of the member? "It is," he assures us, "not difficult to see." The tail in its elongated form, is useful to swimming reptiles, and to reptiles that glide on land, like lizards and serpents: these therefore have kept it. "But to flying birds, on the contrary, a long bony tail is only an inconvenience. All that they *need* is a little muscular knob for the support of their tail feathers, which they employ as a rudder in guiding their flight. Accordingly, the bones *soon grew fewer* in number and *shorter* in length, while the feathers *simultaneously arranged themselves side by side* on the terminal hump." A simple and easy explanation surely! We have seen how natural selection would work in the simplest possible case, in the modification merely of one organ, and that in size and shape only. And if even there it seemed hopelessly incompetent for the task, what are we to say of the load of work thus carelessly cast upon its shoulders? The bones *grew fewer*; let that pass; and *shorter*; how was it arranged that these two variations should coincide in the same creature, still more in the same pair? And unless they coincided, and continued to coincide, through succeeding generations, we have no sort of explanation of the result we

<sup>1</sup> "A study of bones," *The Evolutionist at Large*, pp. 59—66.

see. Yet the improbability of this coincidence is the multiple of the improbabilities already considered. Then the feathers, where did they come from? We are told that they are developed scales.<sup>1</sup> But what a development is here! and what a playground for the vagaries of chance! A feather, however it may have been produced, is a most artistic structure, exactly fitted for the needs of birds. It is strong and yet light, yielding and yet elastic, its parts adhere without clogging, and separate without a fracture. How was such an instrument carded out of the homogeneous plate of a lizard's scale? How did any two of the required qualities happen to coincide? The structure of the mid-rib and of the web, for instance? or of any two strands composing the web? A feather, to have been made by natural selection, should have been made piecemeal; there could not possibly have been a movement through all the parts of a scale towards the corresponding parts of a feather, unless under the influence of a force tending definitely to create a feather; and such a force implies an end, which is precisely what Darwinians preclude themselves from supposing. The structure of a single feather, therefore, unites in itself scores of such improbabilities as we have seen to be singly so overwhelming. And how does the formation of one feather account for the formation of another, unless we again introduce a feather-making force? How in particular does the production of a quill account for a plume of down, or of any of the totally different forms that feathers take? Again, even granting feathers, how come they to *arrange* themselves just in the proper fashion, a fashion very different from that of scales? And how, above all, account for all these various features, fewness of bones, shortness of bones, feathers and arrangement, having agreed to meet in one and the same tail? It may be that, as Mr. Grant Allen goes on to pronounce, "one will find the philosophy of tails eminently simple," but assuredly this will not be the case on the principles by which he professes to steer. I say *professes*, for never for one moment does he really attempt to do so. At every step he calls in the aid of the end to be attained in order to account for the existence of the means for attaining it. The birds get the tail they have because they "need" it for flying: the frog as a tadpole has

<sup>1</sup> "The plumage, which seems to impress a specific character upon the bird, is therefore to be traced from the formation of scales." (Oscar Schmidt, *Doctrine of Descent*, p. 265.)

a tail,<sup>1</sup> because he "needs" it to swim, and afterwards drops it, because it would be an encumbrance: the lobster has a powerful muscular tail, because he "requires" it for his particular mode of life,<sup>2</sup> and the crab has but a stump, because to him a tail would be "useless;" and in fine, as to tails in general, "Those animals that *need* them evolve them; those animals that do not *need* them, never develope them; and those animals that have once had them, but no longer use them for *practical purposes*, retain a mere shrivelled rudiment, as a lingering reminiscence of their original habits."<sup>3</sup>

Thus does the Darwinian theory fare at the hands of its friends. The explanation of an organ is always found in the purpose it serves, in that which follows from its production. It is only by starting from the idea of its function that our theorist can, in his own words, "spell out" an organ's history. He does not find the explanation of the effect in the cause, but of the cause in the effect. A bird's motion in steering is the effect of its tail, yet the argument we have heard is not that it steers because it has a tail, but that it got a tail in order to steer. The result is thus presented to us as, in a true sense, the cause of its cause, the cause of that which physically produces it. The cause which physically produces an effect is styled by philosophers an *efficient* cause. A *designed* effect, however, causes its designer to contrive causes efficient to produce it; and of these it is therefore termed the *final* cause. Thus the laying of bricks and the sawing of rafters are the efficient causes of the production of a house; but on the other hand, the production of a house is the final cause that makes bricks be laid and timbers cut. We can, in this way, explain the existence of efficient causes by the resulting effect, only if we suppose the effect to have been predetermined, and the efficient causes on that account set in motion. We cannot account for the rubbing of two boughs in a gale till flame appears, by saying that the forest is burnt down in consequence; but the cooking of his dinner satisfactorily accounts for the rubbing of two fire-sticks by a Hottentot. To say therefore that a steering apparatus resulted from the need of steering, or that wings are explained by the requirements of flight, is to say that the power of steering or flying was designed before the needful apparatus was constructed.

This is a point of supreme importance, inattention to

<sup>1</sup> P. 64.

<sup>2</sup> P. 66.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

which is productive of much confusion. Evolutionist philosophers, who dislike above all things, and most naturally, the word "chance" in connexion with their system, are wont to contend that chance does not exist, because the effects we see necessarily follow from the efficient causes which produce them. Taking as proved the doctrine of the descent of one class of plants or animals by development from another, an assumption with which for present purposes we need not quarrel, they proceed to argue, that as each change effected in the process is the necessary result of the forces which effect it, the mechanical forces producing development are obviously sufficient to account for all those forms which they have in fact produced. As Dr. Oscar Schmidt puts it:<sup>1</sup> If we start from the bird and go back to the reptile we can trace the chain of effects and causes that changed the one into the other, a chain so compacted as to have no room for chance. Why then speak of chance when we start from the reptile to proceed forwards to the bird? The chain is the same, only its links are followed in the opposite order. It is only our ignorance that prevents us from tracing the connexion of cause and effect forwards as well as backwards, and if we knew more of the laws of Nature, we should be able to foretell what will be, as we can now recapitulate what has been. Therefore to allot a place to chance is but a weakness of "purblind humanity," and, as Mr. Grant Allen tells us,<sup>2</sup> to speak of the "accidental" is to employ an "unphilosophical expression."

It would appear that to those who so confidently employ it, such an argument seems to have a meaning, especially when they talk, as does Dr. Schmidt,<sup>3</sup> of the "quackery" and "jargon" of their opponents. Yet to what, after all, does their argument amount? Simply to this, that effects necessarily follow from their efficient causes; that given the cause we are sure of the effect. Of course we are. Any series of natural operations depends wholly on this principle; if the various effects did not follow from their several causes as a matter of course, the process would not be natural. If therefore we suppose development to have been worked out by natural laws, we assume, in that very supposition, the chain of natural causes

<sup>1</sup> *The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism*, p. 193. (International Scientific Series.)

<sup>2</sup> *Evolutionist*, p. 200.

<sup>3</sup> *Doctrine of Descent*, p. 2.

and effects, which, being as it is, could not have resulted otherwise than as it does. But how does this affect the question of purpose or chance? It is precisely in the selection of causes calculated to produce a desired effect that purpose is discovered, and it is the absence of such selection that constitutes chance. Causes there must be, if there is to be change of any sort; and purpose can work only by their instrumentality. Take, for example, the key which fits the complicated lock of a banker's safe; its precise form, down to the minutest particular, is the necessary result of the various operations of forging and filing to which it has been subjected. Given these, it could not possibly be otherwise than as it is. But the point to remark about it is, not that it has a definite shape, which every material thing must have, but that it exactly fits the lock. This is the coincidence which we find impossible to explain on any supposition except that it was meant to fit it. It is obviously no explanation of this fact to say that it fits because it was forged and filed exactly as it was, unless we can also say how it came to be so forged and filed.

Now it seems to be too often forgotten that in Nature mechanical problems are solved, infinitely more difficult than that of fitting a key to a lock, or making a watch, or building an arch; problems in which there must be absolute accuracy of result in all parts, and wherein any defective portion would vitiate the whole; and it is the exact fitness of organic structures to satisfy such complex requirements, that is the plainest and most palpable evidence of the presence of design.

An explanation is in fact worthless unless it suffice to account for *all* essential phenomena, and there is one phenomenon, the most noteworthy of all, whereof the materialistic theory can give no account, the coincidence, namely, between the effect a mechanical cause produces, and something existing beyond, quite independently of that effect and of its efficient cause. Granting that hammer and file must change the shape of a piece of iron, how comes the metal fashioned by them to be a key, capable of opening or closing a lock? And in just the same manner, supposing mechanical forces to have turned a scale into the finest of combs, how is it that the article so fashioned is a feather, exactly meeting the requirements of flight, requirements which the feather does not create, but which it exactly satisfies? As Newton exclaims, "Is it possible that the maker of the eye was ignorant of the laws

of optics?" And in like manner we may ask whether wings were made without full understanding of all those complex problems, which we have to solve in order to explain their use.

Therefore unless we presume a final cause, there is a gap in the chain of causality, a gap which chance, and chance alone, is left to bridge; and we can thus estimate at its true value the logical worth of the conclusion with which Dr. Oscar Schmidt declares himself satisfied. "Any one," he tells us, "who fancies himself present at the genesis of the reptiles, may, from his antediluvian observatory, look upon the development of the reptile into the bird as a "chance," if he does not peradventure regard it as predestined. To us, who trace the bird backwards to its origin, it seems the result of mechanical causes."

Clearly, therefore, Dr. Schmidt conceives that this backwards process of argument, from effect to cause, reverses, not only the order of phenomena but the laws of logic as well, and solves all difficulties without the agency either of chance or of design. How can it be imagined that it does so? A structure exists, called a feather, suitable for a creature that shall fly:<sup>1</sup> this is the final point from which we start to reckon back. How comes this structure to be fit for purposes of flight? Obviously not merely because material forces produced it somehow, but because they made it *fit*. We may account for its weighing a grain, by saying that a grain of matter was incorporated in it; or for its whiteness by saying that it has been chemically bleached; but how about its *fitness*? This is not explained till we trace it to a cause determined to its production, as a chemical cause may be determinative of colour, or a mechanical cause of weight. Either, therefore, we come, somewhere, to a

<sup>1</sup> A typical feather is thus described by Dr. Alleyne Nicholson (*Manual of Zoology*, p. 425): "The interior surface of the shaft always exhibits a strong longitudinal groove, and it is composed of a horny external sheath, containing a white spongy substance, very like the pith of a plant. The shaft carries the lateral expansions or 'webs' of the feather, collectively constituting the 'vane.' Each web is composed of a number of small branches, which form an open angle with the shaft, and which are known as the 'barbs.' The margins of each barb are, in turn, furnished with a series of still smaller branches, known as the 'barbules.' As a general rule the extremities of the barbules are hooked, so that those springing from the one side of each barb interlock with those springing from the opposite side of the next barb. In this way the barbs are kept in apposition with one another over a greater or less portion of the entire barb." In the case of non-flying birds, such as the ostrich and emu, the barbs are disconnected.

cause determined to production of fitness for flight, or such fitness arises without a cause. In the one case fitness is predestined, in the other it is a chance. Where is the possible middle term between the horns of this dilemma?

It thus appears that "chance" has a very definite and real meaning, evolutionist assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. Professor Huxley, for example, talks<sup>1</sup> of "chance-worship" as being "the most singular of these, perhaps immortal fallacies, which live on Tithonus-like, when sense and force have alike deserted them." According to him those who talk of chance commit the absurdity of signifying an independently existent being, like the Pagan goddess *Fortuna*, and he challenges his adversaries to define their meaning otherwise. This is easily done. Chance is the coincidence of independent phenomena, that is of phenomena not co-ordinated to an end. This would seem to be plain enough, yet, to judge from the example which the Professor selects to confound his opponents, he does not appear to have seized the point. He describes, in vigorous language, a storm raging on the shore: here, if anywhere, he tells us, will it be said that chance rules supreme: "but the man of science knows that here, as everywhere, perfect order is manifested; that there is not a curve of the waves, not a note in the howling chorus, not a rainbow-glint on a bubble, which is otherwise than a necessary consequence of the ascertained laws of nature." Obviously true: but what then? It would be impossible to select an example more utterly wide of the mark. The phenomena here described end with themselves, they lead to nothing else; nothing follows from them. They are mere effects and not, so far as we know, a means to obtain a result beyond. The one element, therefore, which constitutes chance is wanting here. Undoubtedly waves curl according to the laws of mechanics, and bubbles glint according to those of light. So do feathers; but does that fact sufficiently explain the painting of a peacock's train? If it did, Mr. Darwin would surely not have been confronted by the difficulty in the way of his theory which he so honestly describes,<sup>2</sup> "The sight of a feather in a peacock's tail, whenever I gaze at it, makes me sick."

Truth to tell, in spite of their indignation against the lax reasoning of their adversaries, it is quite impossible to make out

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Letters of C. L. Darwin*, pp. 199, seq.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Asa Gray. *Life*, ii. 296.

what Darwinians themselves mean. Given the laws of nature, as they are, the results must, of course, be as we witness ; but the whole question is, how came they to be so given ? Professor Huxley apparently conceives that he solves the difficulty when he tells<sup>1</sup> us that Mr. Darwin's whole theory "crumbles to pieces if the uniformity and regularity of natural causation for illimitable ages past is denied." But assuredly if everything must have a cause, this uniformity and regularity must have one ; and if everything depends on these, all ultimately depends on the cause producing them. It is of this cause that we are in search. How does Professor Huxley aid the quest by declaring<sup>2</sup> that the region of true science is "free from the snares of those fascinating but barren virgins, the final causes, against whom a high authority has so justly warned us." What this may mean it is hard to conceive, it seems much of a piece with the daring philosophy that prophesied,

Cause and effect shall from their thrones be cast  
And end their strife with suicidal yell.<sup>3</sup>

nor can such a principle lead to any state of mind more satisfactory than the puzzlement in which Mr. Darwin himself was landed, and which he lugubriously confessed to Dr. Asa Gray, pleading guilty at the same time to that reliance on chance with which according to Professor Huxley no one can possibly charge him. "I grieve," he writes,<sup>4</sup> "that I cannot possibly go as far as you do about design. I am conscious that I am in an utterly hopeless muddle. I cannot think that the world, as we see it, is the result of chance : and yet I cannot look at each separate thing as the result of design. . . . Again, I say I am, and shall ever remain, in a hopeless muddle."

To take a few examples more in illustration of this essential point. The form of Phidias' statue of Olympian Zeus is no less due to a mechanical cause, the artist's chisel, than that of Mount Blanc is due to glaciers and weather. In the arrangement of letters known to us as *Paradise Lost*, we find the effects of a mechanical cause, the hand that wrote them, or the compositor who set the type, exactly as in that of toy letters tumbled by a child about the nursery floor. The iron which composes a steam-engine can no more help being where it is, and as it is,

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 199.      <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 254.

<sup>3</sup> Bon Gaultier, *The Death of Space* by R.M.      <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 354.

than the ore at the bottom of a mine. What we find ourselves compelled to seek in the one set of instances and not in the other, is a cause sufficient to account not merely for the existence of the effect, but for that effect being just what it is. In each series of cases mechanical forces actually produce the observed effect; but it does not thence follow that in each are mechanical forces, by themselves, equally sufficient to account for results.

In fact there is one way, and only one, of ejecting chance from the materialistic system, which is by invoking necessity; by saying that things were from the beginning so arranged as to give but one possible set of results, the set actually produced. To such a solution are writers like these, sooner or later, compelled to betake themselves, whatever be the profession of faith with which they start. Thus, in spite of what we have heard, Dr. Schmidt lays down<sup>1</sup> that "our conviction of the truth of the doctrine of derivation is due to its *adjustment* of the phenomenal series of causes and effects," and that "if we were in possession of the formula of the universe, all future evolutions might be computed in advance." But this is to say that they are predetermined by some law, or else how are they to be computed? Astronomers can calculate the motions of a planet only because these are determined and necessary. And if so what becomes of natural selection as the ruling force of development? It will then be but a part of the machine, "adjusted" so as to select the right things, just as the pins in a musical box are adjusted to strike the right notes. It is not therefore natural selection, but the cause adjusting it to which the final effects must be due. Yet Dr. Schmidt is preaching natural selection in the very work in which he thus abolishes its potency as an independent force; while Mr. Grant Allen, who is nothing if not Darwinian, is at the same time pleased to call himself a "Determinist."<sup>2</sup>

In the next place, even from the determinist standpoint, to say that a machine is adjusted towards a certain work is not a final explanation. We must know what adjusted it; and if we go, as science bids us, to experience for explanation of phenomena, we know of but one way in which such adjustment may be secured, and that is by foreknowledge of the end, and by a design to attain it. Fitness is a quality to be recognized not by an eye, but by a mind, to be produced not by a simple

<sup>1</sup> P. 193.

<sup>2</sup> *Evolutionist*, p. 145.

effect, but by arrangement of effects. From our experience it is impossible even to conceive how anything but conscious intelligence can make such an arrangement.

Mr. Grant Allen's *Tale of a Tail* has led us a long way from our starting-point, but we have not yet exhausted his theme. Another point of great interest is raised by his assertion that the oldest known bird, the *Archaeopteryx* of the Oolite, not only manifested its relationship with the lizards by its long bony tail, like theirs, but also must, on account of the same tail, have been a clumsy creature for its purposes, one produced before nature had discovered how to make birds aright. The point thus raised is one of great importance. If the natural selection theory were true, this is just the sort of thing we ought to find, among the earlier of nature's productions. We are often told that the older the records of the globe, the less developed, and therefore the lower, are the types of life they tell of. What we ought to find, however, in Darwinian principles, is not lower types, but worse workmanship. We should be able to trace the 'prentice hand of nature groping its way to an organ or structure, and not yet having hit upon it: to find a bird, for instance, with ill-finished plumage, half scale and half feather, or with a forelimb undecided whether to be a leg or a wing.

It is precisely the artistic finish of all organs we meet with, and their exact adaptation to the particular functions they have to perform, that discredits the idea of their having been made by chance, and shows them to have been made for an end. Have we any sort of evidence that the earliest and least "developed" creatures were in this respect less well provided than their successors? that they were less fitted for the circumstances in which they were placed, or for the life which they had to lead? Such are the features which on Darwinian principles ought to stamp the earlier forms of life; nor will the oft quoted "struggle for existence" suffice to explain their absence. "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king," and to secure survival it should only be necessary for a creature to be better off than others, without needing to be in itself an artistic structure.

This is the sort of argument which a study of the *Archaeopteryx* introduces. But was this bird less fit for its purposes than the birds of to-day for theirs? We are told that it must have been less fit, on account of its long bony tail. Mr. Grant Allen is very positive on the point. "The elongated

waving tail of this bird," he tells us, "with its single pair of quills,<sup>1</sup> must have been a comparatively ineffectual and clumsy piece of mechanism for steering an aerial creature through its novel domain."<sup>2</sup> In a tone less confident, but perhaps not on that account less philosophical, Mr. Parker writes, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,<sup>3</sup> "It is not easy to imagine the advantage in the bearer's economy of its singular tail, which, one would think, must have been a clumsy appendage."

That is in fact all we can say about it, we cannot imagine the end it served. But how dangerous it is to pronounce that all must be useless of which we cannot imagine the use; there are many examples to show. The extraordinary beak of the crossbill, for instance, appeared to so great a naturalist as Buffon, an utterly meaningless structure; he pronounced it "an error and defect of Nature, a useless deformity." But fuller knowledge of the subject has reversed his judgment. "During a series of observations on the habits and structure of British birds," says Yarrell,<sup>4</sup> "I have never met with a more interesting or more beautiful example of the adaptation of means to an end, than is to be found in the beak, the tongue, and their muscles, in the crossbill." Who again could "imagine" that the various plumes and trains developed by the birds of paradise could be anything but a useless encumbrance; for instance, a tuft of feather half as long again as the bird, springing from beneath the wings, as in the "Great" bird; a shield, longer than the wings, from the back of the head, as in the "Superb" bird; or tail feathers like whalebone, and curved like a lyre, nearly twice the bird's length, as in the "Red" bird? Yet these birds are most active, as Mr. Wallace tells us, so much so indeed that he found it difficult to get a shot at them. In the same sense Lord Grimthorpe has well remarked,<sup>5</sup> that no creatures could be less like what we should *a priori* expect burrowing animals to be, than a mole and a worm. The instruments we make to do work like theirs are of hard smooth iron. "But behold, instead of having the hardest covering in the world, a mole has the softest." A worm again; nothing could seem more improbable than that its work should be done "by a creature like a damp and soft bit of string!"

<sup>1</sup> More accurately, a single pair from each of the vertebrae.

<sup>2</sup> P. 63.

<sup>3</sup> Article *Birds*.

<sup>4</sup> *British Birds*, vol. ii. p. 22.

<sup>5</sup> *Origin of the Laws of Nature*, p. 81.

Instances like this, which might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, should make us hesitate before laying down the law, as to what might, or what might not have been useful in quite another world than ours, in those dim ages of the past. Our birds are doubtless higher specimens of their race, than this remote ancestor; but it may very well be that they would not have made their living at all, where he contrived to make his; just as the first English explorers of Central Australia died of hunger, because they could not digest the seeds on which the natives lived.

So much for what we cannot know: now as to what we can. Looking at the lithographic stone in which this ancient fowl is engraved,<sup>1</sup> we find indeed a page of bird fashions there illustrated very different from the fashions of to-day, but we find nothing to suggest, in the faintest degree, want of skill or purpose in the hand of the workman. Feather, foot, and bone, all that remains for us to see, display, in their making, a firmness and decision of touch impelling belief that they were exactly suited to the particular functions they had respectively to perform.<sup>2</sup>

A bird's tail, it would thus seem, is not altogether easy of explanation on Darwinian principles. But all this is only the beginning of troubles. A bird is not all tail, nor only in its tail does it differ from a reptile. Its limbs are different, its heart is different, its circulatory system is different, and in a word, although there are to be found several important similarities in the two classes, it nevertheless remains true that no creatures are more unlike than a bird and a reptile.<sup>3</sup> Therefore, if we suppose the one to have been developed from the other we must imagine that while the tail was being transformed as we have

<sup>1</sup> See the plates accompanying Prof. Owen's paper on the bird. (*Phil. Transact. of the Royal Society*, 1863, p. 33.)

<sup>2</sup> Professor Hermann von Meyer writes thus concerning the archæopteryx: "After all I do not believe that God formed His creatures after the laws devised by our philosophical wisdom. Of the classes of birds and reptiles, as we define them, the Creator knows nothing, and just as little of a prototype or of a constant embryonic condition of the bird, which might be recognized in the archæopteryx. The archæopteryx is, of its kind, just as perfect as other creatures, and if we are not able to include this fossil animal in our system, our short-sightedness is alone to blame." (Quoted by Dr. A. Wilson, *Nature Studies*, p. 58.)

<sup>3</sup> "It is no doubt, at first sight, an almost incredible thing that there should be any near bond of relationship between the birds and the reptiles, no two classes of animals being more unlike one another in habits and appearance." (Dr. Alleyne Nicholson, *Manual of Zoology*, p. 393.)

seen, the fore limbs were changing into wings, the hind limbs into legs fit for a biped, the heart was becoming four-chambered instead of three-chambered, a complete double system of circulation was being set up, the blood was becoming extraordinarily hot,<sup>1</sup> all the scales were changing into feathers, and to feathers of very different form and fashion according to their different functions, and an oil gland is being provided to lubricate them; to say nothing of less easily observed modifications of muscles, nerves, bones, lungs, and stomach. Modification of each of these organs includes a host of separate modifications; and all this countless multitude of changes must be simultaneously operated, by chance, in the same subject, or rather at least in two. Of what possible good could it be to a creature to get a steering tail without propelling wings? or to have the skeleton of its fore limbs fashioned to wing-like form if it remained clothed with scales? how even with wings and tail would a bird fare in the air if its three-chambered heart afforded it only the sluggish blood of a reptile? or how could feathers be aught but an encumbrance, without nature's varnish to keep them waterproof? Some of these organs, moreover, are far more complex, and exhibit more adaptation to a purpose, than that with which we started. The wing, for instance, is thus described by Mr. Pettigrew:<sup>2</sup> "There are few things in nature more admirably constructed than the wing of the bird, and perhaps none where design can be more readily traced. Its great strength and extreme lightness, the manner in which it closes up or folds during flexion (ascent), and opens out or expands during extension (descent), as well as the manner in which the feathers are strung together and overlap each other in divers directions, to produce at one time a solid resisting surface, and at another an interrupted and comparatively non-resisting one, present a degree of fitness to which the mind must necessarily revert with pleasure."

The heart also is a structure worthy of remark. That of reptiles is three-chambered, and does not avail to keep arterial and venous blood wholly separate. But birds have a four-chambered heart which effectually separates the two currents, a heart agreeing in this important respect with that of

<sup>1</sup> The average temperature of blood in birds is as much as  $103^{\circ}$  to  $104^{\circ}$ , in reptiles it is little warmer than the surrounding medium.

<sup>2</sup> *Animal Locomotion*, p. 180. (International Scientific Series.)

mammals. Yet birds and mammals have, we are told, been both developed from reptiles, but along wholly separate and distinct lines; each must therefore, independently, have hit by chance upon the same formation for this most vital organ. Is this a more philosophical explanation than to say that creatures having like needs were designedly supplied with like instruments?

Such then is, in merest outline, an indication of the difficulties that confront the theory of development by Natural Selection alone, that is, of development by chance; the factor to which Darwinians profess to restrict themselves. Thus Mr. Grant Allen himself tells us<sup>1</sup> that the results we see "are in the last resort dependent upon all kinds of *accidental* causes—causes, that is to say, into which deliberate design did not enter as a distinct factor."

Can men realize the meaning of their own words when they declare that a process thus governed could have succeeded in making a bird that should fly, or any single feather upon it? Yet such is the doctrine they profess to teach, a doctrine, the rejection of which, we are constantly informed, is due to unscientific bigotry alone.

Having thus attempted to understand the true state of the case, let us, for a little, return to our original task of observing how the theory is worked in practice, and how its difficulties and impossibilities are ignored. After the examination which we have been making it will be unnecessary to comment as we proceed on the various evolutionary stories told us, it will be enough to listen and admire.

Here for example is the plain and simple history of the manner in which the *cyclotoma*, a land-snail, was developed from the *paludina* a water-snail.<sup>2</sup> "It is in fact, one of these gill-breathing pond-snails which has taken to living on dry land, and so has acquired the habit of producing lungs. All molluscan lungs are *very simple*: they consist merely of a small sac or hollow behind the head, lined with blood vessels. So primitive a mechanism as this could be easily acquired by any soft-bodied animal like a snail."

But the caterpillar would appear with equal ease to have acquired far more complicated apparatus. We are constantly told that the developments of form which the individual undergoes in its imperfect state, are a summary history of the

<sup>1</sup> *Evolutionist at Large*, p. 205.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 177. Italics mine.

developments of the race. In hearing therefore what each caterpillar of to-day does, we understand what the race, of which caterpillars come, have done. This is the history given by Mr. Grant Allen of the transformation of a caterpillar.<sup>1</sup> "After a considerable span of life spent in feeding and walking about in search of food, the caterpillar one day found itself compelled by an inner monitor to alter its habits, and sank peacefully into a dormant state. Then *its tissues melted* one by one into a kind of organic pap, and *its outer skin hardened* into a chrysalis. Within that solid case *new limbs and organs began to grow* by hereditary impulses," (an assistance, by the way, which in the original development the race cannot have had.) "At the same time *the form of the nervous system altered*, to suit the higher and freer life for which the insect was unconsciously preparing. *Fewer and smaller ganglia now appeared* in the tail segments, while *more important ones sprang up* to govern the motions of the *four wings*. But it was in the head that the greatest change took place. There *a rudimentary brain made its appearance*, large optic centres answering to the *far more perfect and important eyes* of the new butterfly. For the flying insect will have to steer its way through space, . . . which *demands* from it *higher and keener senses* than those of the purblind caterpillar."

As with animals, so is it with plants. This, for instance, is how nettles came to sting.<sup>2</sup> "These hairs are often more or less glandular in structure, and therefore liable to contain various waste products of the plant. Suppose one of these waste products in the ancestors of the nettle to be at first slightly pungent, *by accident as it were*, then it would exercise a slightly deterrent effect upon nettle-eating animals. *The more stinging it grew*, the more effectual would the protection be; and as in each generation, the least protected plants would get eaten down, while the more protected were spared, the tendency would be for the juice to grow more and more stinging till at last it *reached the present high point* of development."

As we have been told that the *cyclistema* is a water-snail that has taken to living on land, so, on the same authority,<sup>3</sup> the water-crow foot is a buttercup that has taken "to living pretty permanently in the water. Of course it has found it a matter of equal ease to modify its organs accordingly, cutting

<sup>1</sup> *Evolutionist*, p. 147. Italics mine.

<sup>2</sup> *Vignettes from Nature*, p. 117.      <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 36, &c.

its leaves into threads and lengthening its stem, because without the one arrangement it would have been smothered, and without the other swamped."

We might go on multiplying such examples indefinitely, so let one more suffice. The hedge-hog and mole, according to the Darwinian account,<sup>1</sup> are mammals of the lowest type found in this country, which have survived in spite of developments going on around them, because they have accepted "menial or dishonoured places" in nature's household, skulking about by night, or leading a burrowing sunless life, and so picking up a livelihood where more ennobled creatures disdained to seek it. But even these low beasts have been wonderfully "specialized" for their ignoble purposes. The hedgehog has contrived his wonderful suit of spike armour, because without it his slowness and stupidity would have made him too easy a prey to his enemies; while the mole has quietly possessed himself of "*the peculiar powerful shovel hand, the hidden eye, the covered ear, and the close fur, which fit it so well for its underground life.*"

Always in fact the root question of all is utterly ignored. Why should there be life at all? Why should creatures survive? Why should flying or swimming or burrowing animals exist? Leaving out of consideration the question as to why inanimate matter should combine into living organisms, how shall a creature unfit to live in one set of circumstances, obtain the means to live in another, unless he is meant to live? For ages the earth was without life; for ages more without animal motion, swimming, crawling, walking, flying. Why did it not for ever remain so? How did the needs of creatures create their own supply, instead of killing off the needy race? That would be the obvious and inevitable effect of their deficiencies, unless the deficiencies were provided for, and their supply designed.

The fields of air doubtless lay waiting to be occupied, till the first flying creatures appeared; even as America lay waiting for Columbus. But of what avail was this to creatures that could not reach them? The existence of America did not build ships to take emigrants there, nor did lack of clothes invent the spinning-jenny. The arch-contriver man is no doubt stimulated by an object worth attaining, to devise means for attaining it; but he it is, not the enticing object, that creates the means. And so the air might have remained for ever fit to be the

<sup>1</sup> *Vignettes*, pp. 58, &c.

highway of birds, yet its highway has been untrodden for want of creatures capable of treading it. The water is capable of floating a boat, but that does not relieve us from the necessity of building boats that will float; nor could the air have been invaded, had not nature contrived a mechanism that should satisfy the laws of pneumatics; it was full of good things, but for those only who could reach them.

It is by suppression of simple and obvious considerations, such as these, that the manufacture of evolutionary romances is rendered possible, for the benefit of a confiding public. The methods of this manufacture are excellently illustrated in the practice of Mr. Gilbert's ingenious but untrustworthy Japanese hero Poo-Bah, appropriately described by himself as able to trace his ancestry "to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule." The imaginative trappings, with which our evolutionist legends are tricked out, serve precisely the purpose he claims for the embellishments of his fiction, "Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative."

To which, it will be remembered, his interlocutor replies, "Corroborative detail indeed! corroborative fiddlestick!"

J. G.

*Legend of the Passion Flower.*

FROM THE SPANISH.

SOFT shadows crept beneath the scented boughs,  
And day's last touch fell upon leaf and bud ;  
No busy insect-hum ran through the air ;  
Only the soothing flow of sea-ward streams  
Sang gentle requiem for fast ebbing day.

Where vines hung low before a ruined shrine,  
A maiden stood, and watched the sunlight kiss  
The distant sea, and when the golden clouds  
Veiled day's repose, she knelt, as down the stream  
The silvery sound of bells was sweetly borne ;  
Then on the breath of evening fell the words  
That angel-lips alone could bear to earth ;  
And she who whispered them so soft and low—  
A girl in years, woman in mien and brow,  
As even she, the peerless one of ages past,  
Peerless for ever, when half woman, half a child,  
The Angel's greeting came to her : such too  
The one who knelt in that fair Spanish vale,  
And knew not through the vines there fiercely peered  
Keen eyes of cruel hate—while listening ears  
Had caught the words that sealed her hapless doom—  
A Jewish maiden's doom for Christian truth.

She rose and gazed far o'er the roughening sea.  
What made her look around ? was reptile there  
That she should feel her warm blood colder grow,  
Yet rush from heart to brain ? Reptile there was,

In human form, had tracked the maiden there !

"What right hast thou to dog my steps ?" she said,  
And all the proud scorn of her race flashed forth.

"Thou art a follower of the hated Nazarene !" A moment's silence—then a struggle—one wild cry  
Down to the sea the swift stream bore.

Midnight within a ruined Moorish fort,  
Midnight within a vault lit by a single lamp ;  
Stern men with scowling brows and cruel eyes  
Glare at the maiden in their midst ; no daughter  
Of kingly race ere bore herself more firm,  
Or dared more human wrath and faltered not.

More beautiful beneath the faint lamp's glimmer  
Grew face and form outlined upon the wall :  
The scorn of men, the hate of kindred—all  
That might have bowed strong men, she meekly bore,  
And when their vengeance filled the cup with death  
That she must drink for loyal love of Him  
Whose Love had won her heart, she bent her head,  
And answered not. . . . .

Without the storm raged wildly—lightning flashed,  
And with the roar of thunder mingled ocean's waves;  
Adown the valley dashed and leapt the river.  
In the city thoughtful men said, "We have sinned !  
Our vines and olives, and our orange-bloom can never  
Bear unharmed so wild a tempest's wrath."

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"Whence came this lovely flower ?" in after-years was  
asked ;  
It hung where tangled vines hung years agone

Before a ruined shrine. "From Afric's land the Moors  
Did surely bring and plant it here." "Nay! nay!" said  
one

Who once had worn the Moorish chain,—"I toiled  
In their domain, but never saw a flower like this."  
"No Moor," another said, "thus placed it near  
Our Lady's shrine."

They thought it no fit place for plant like that  
To waste its beauty in, so to a garden fair  
They sought to take it hence, and bared the roots—  
When lo! they sprang from transfixed hands and feet!  
And he who once had been a slave in Caliph's halls  
Said, reverently, "They crucified the maiden, then

### *Blessed Margaret Pole and her Sons.*

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To the delightful pages of Dom Aidan Gasquet's book we owe the knowledge of much that has not been published before. The first pages of the volume bring us a startling novelty; a new fact in the life of one, of whom we know too little. The record of the examination in the Tower of the Blessed Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, shows us that she condemned the course taken by her son, Reginald, Cardinal Pole. "She said when she spoke with the King's grace, he showed her how her son had written against him. Alas! said she, what grief is this to me to see him whom I bore set up to be so ungracious and unhappy. And upon this when her son Montacute came home to her, she said to him, What hath the King showed me of my son? Alas! son, said she, what a child have I in him! And then my lord Montacute counselled her to declare him a traitor to their servants, that they might so report him when they came into their countries. And so she called her servants, and declared unto them accordingly to take her son for a traitor for now and ever, and that she would never take him other."

This certainly is not what we should have expected, remembering that both Blessed Margaret Pole and her son Lord Montague were put to death by Henry VIII. because they were mother and brother of the Cardinal. "I heard you say once," wrote Latimer to Cromwell, "after you had seen that furious invention of Cardinal Pole, that you would make him eat his own heart, which you have now I trow brought to pass, for he must needs now eat his own heart, and be as heartless as he is graceless." Blessed Margaret was first cousin to Henry's father, Lord Montague and Henry were second cousins; but with a counsellor like Cromwell at his elbow, the King was not likely to spare his own flesh and blood.

Father Gasquet joins the Cardinal's mother in condemning the language used by him towards Henry in his book *De*

*Unitate Ecclesiastica.* It is needless to say that he is abundantly justified in coming to conclusions of his own on the subject, but he will pardon us if we are not able to follow him in what he says of Cardinal Pole.

From the best of intentions, when not coupled with discretion, and when zeal gives full play to angry feelings, the worst consequences often spring. Such must have been the result of the book *De Unitate Ecclesiastica*, which Pole published at this time and addressed to the King. Henry was the last man to be driven along the path by whips, or coerced into doing his duty by denunciations or strong language. And Pole's book, however true its facts and cogent its arguments, was couched in language sufficiently vehement, for the time at least, to turn the King from his purpose. Too often, unfortunately, in the world's history, has solid good been sacrificed to the vainglory of style, and to the power of penning a caustic sentence and turning with a bitter remark an elegant or striking period; and the work *De Unitate Ecclesiastica* is overflowing with a rhetoric, which would have stung many a milder man than Henry Tudor into rebellion, or turned him from purposes of amendment.

This seems to us to be a great deal too hard on Cardinal Pole. We must not be unjust; and it is not just to suggest that Pole was, even unconsciously, animated by "vainglory of style," or by the pleasure of "penning a caustic sentence." There was something far too strong in his mind, which would account for all his vehemence, for it to be necessary for us to bring in the poor motive of vainglory. And surely, the question of discretion must be referred to a higher than Pole, Cardinal though he was, and cousin to the King. Cardinal Pole was but echoing the words of the Pope. If it was indiscreet for the Cardinal to tell Henry that, whilst Charles V. was engaged in his glorious expedition to Africa, he, "bearing most untruly the name of Defender of the Faith, did not merely kill, but tore in pieces all the true defenders of the old religion in a more inhuman fashion than the Turk," the Pope told him, that by burning the relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury, he "exceeded the cruelty of all nations, as not even in war did victors outrage the bodies of the dead," and in his treatment of St. Augustine's monastery, he had "changed himself into a beast, by making beasts his companions where he had driven forth monks, a sort of crime that had never been heard of, not only amongst Christians, but even amongst Turks." If it was impolitic in Pole to throw out hints as to a probable rebellion

of the King's subjects, what was it in Paul III. to declare the throne vacant, to absolve all the King's vassals from their oath of allegiance, and to bid the nobles rise against Henry and expel him from the realm? To judge by the result is easy; but to form a just judgment we must transfer ourselves far back to the times, and judge as they might have judged who lived when these things were said and done. The Holy See was then the recognized Court of Appeal for all Christendom—to put the Pope's sense of his position on the lowest ground—and Henry's grave offences against the Catholic religion could not be allowed to pass unnoticed. If they were noticed at all, they must be condemned in terms that would adequately characterize them. This the Pope did, and this Cardinal Pole did. The King himself had called on Pole to write; and if he wrote, it could only be in strong condemnation of the King's proceedings. To have named them, and not to have condemned them, would have been to have compromised truth and justice before the Christian world, to which his book was addressed. He could not help knowing that all hope of recalling Henry by gentle words to a sense of his duty was gone. He knew, too, that Henry would regard what he wrote as treason, and he knew what pledges he had in England, upon whom the King's vengeance could and would fall. He yet dared to speak out openly, and to say the truth and the whole truth, though he was speaking to one who would close his ears to him, charm he never so wisely. The consequences he must leave in God's hands, but he must speak out and liberate his own soul. There are occasions when pharisees are to be called a brood of vipers, and there was a time when it was right to tell Henry Tudor that he was worse than a Turk, while calling himself Defender of the Faith.

But who can fail to see that another judgment might easily be formed by those who were in Henry's power? Those living in England, in the midst of the infatuation about the royal authority that prevailed under the Tudors, would be apt to call those words treason which, in virtue of new-fangled Acts of Parliament, would be treated as treason by the Courts. Words are differently chosen by those in durance and those in freedom. Blessed Margaret would never have herself used her son's denunciations of Henry, when all her surroundings urged upon her the supremest caution; and from her point of view, that which he said honestly, and indeed honestly could not leave

unsaid, she might honestly condemn because it went beyond what she was herself bound to say or do, in order to keep clear of all participation of the King's misdeeds. To the mother and to the son, the vital question was, What am I obliged to do? The answer would necessarily be different from the difference of their circumstances. The one was a great ecclesiastic, in whom silence or a half-hearted condemnation would have been the betrayal of God's cause; the other was one of the simple faithful, in whom to have said what her son was bound to say, would have been rashly to throw away her life. The one then may well have been perfectly honest in declaring the other a traitor for language that he was in conscience bound to utter. If the Cardinal had not said what he did say, Henry of course would have quoted in his own support against the Pope whatever he could have made to bear an interpretation favourable to himself.

Speaking here of the Pole family, we may be permitted to add some fresh information respecting the death of Lord Montague, which has recently seen the light. A chronicle of the time of Henry VIII., written by a Spaniard who was resident in England during the critical events that separated our country from the Church, has lately been published in an English translation by Major Martin A. Sharp Hume. We hope soon to have an opportunity of putting before our readers some portion of its interesting contents, the work apparently of a writer who is quoted by Father Persons under the name of Garzias; but here we content ourselves with an extract about two of Blessed Margaret's sons. It has always been said that Sir Geoffrey Pole saved his life by betraying his brother, Lord Montague. The Spaniard tells us how it was, and his story, which carries with it all the marks of probability, goes far to vindicate the honour of Sir Geoffrey.

He says that Sir Geoffrey, whom he mistakenly calls Sir Giles, under the phonetic spelling "Sergil Espul," was committed to the Tower by Cromwell, and there under threat of torture interrogated by Cromwell as to the purport of letters received a week before from the Cardinal by Lord Montague and himself. It not appearing to Sir Geoffrey that the answer could injure his brother Montague, he said that the Cardinal in his brotherly love for them, had urged upon them that they had done very wrong in taking the oath to the King as the Head of the Church, and that it would have been better for

them to have lost their goods than their souls. He added that he thought that Lord Montague had written to Rome for pardon. On this Lord Montague was arrested and brought before the Council. When accused of corresponding with his brother the Cardinal, he answered :

"The Cardinal is no traitor, nor are there any such in his lineage, and if he is in Rome he is out of your hands and you can do him no harm." Then said Cromwell, "Well, but why are you seeking pardon unless your oath was false?" "I am not seeking pardon," answered Lord Montague, not knowing what his brother had said. Then Cromwell had Sir Giles Pole brought from the Tower, and said to him, "Here, in presence of your brother and the King's Council, repeat what you told me in the Tower." As this gentleman had confessed, he said, "It is true that the Cardinal, my brother, wrote, upbraiding us for the sin we had committed, and my brother sent asking pardon." Then all the lords agreed that Lord Montague deserved to die, as he had disobeyed the orders of the King. So he was condemned without any further evidence, and in three days [January 9, 1539] he was taken out to execution.

As soon as this gentleman (Sir Giles Pole) knew that they had condemned his brother to death through him, and whilst he was still in the Tower, he suddenly rushed upon a young fellow who had a dagger, and tried to take it from him and kill himself with it, but the young man was the stronger, and prevented him, and thenceforward they kept him very well-watched in the Tower, to prevent him from committing suicide.

After Lord Montague was beheaded, Cromwell went one day to the Tower, and spoke to the brother saying, "You see that the King thought fit to punish your brother, and but for me you would have shared the same fate. On my intercession the King has consented to give you and your heirs an income of £1,000 a year from your brother's estate." The gentleman, seeing that his best course was to dissemble, and that there was no help for it, pretended to be very pleased with the revenue the King had granted him, and Cromwell had him liberated. He went about for two years like one terror-stricken, and, as he lived four miles from Chichester, he saw one day in Chichester a Flemish ship, into which he resolved to get, and with her he passed over to Flanders, leaving his wife and children. Thence he found his way to Rome, and throwing himself at the feet of his brother the Cardinal, he said, "My lord, I do not deserve to call myself your brother, for I have been the cause of our brother's death." The Cardinal, seeing that he had sinned through ignorance, pardoned him, and brought him to the feet of the Pope, and procured forgiveness and absolution for his sin. Then the Cardinal sent him to Flanders, with letters to the Bishop of Liège, who has him with him to this day,

treating him with all honour, and allowing him a ducat a day, and food for himself, two attendants and a horse.

These brothers were the nearest heirs to the Crown, and descended from the White Rose. When the King knew that the brother of the Cardinal had gone, he took away all his revenue, and to this very day his wife and children have nothing more than her own patrimony, upon which she lives. If the King could get hold of either the Cardinal or this gentleman, he would serve them the same as their brother, but they will take care of themselves.

From this interesting narrative, which was evidently written in the reign of Henry VIII., and therefore in 1546 at the latest, we learn the very important fact that Henry Lord Montague, Blessed Margaret's eldest son, was executed, not merely for his kinship to the Cardinal, but for having asked for absolution for the sin of taking the oath to King Henry as Head of the Church. This makes his death unmistakeably for his religion. Lord Montague was never tried in a court of law, but his examination was conducted, as this Spanish Chronicler describes, by the Privy Council, and he was then attainted without trial by Act of Parliament. Hitherto no terms of condemnation have been accounted too strong for Sir Geoffrey Pole. "His name," says the Rev. F. H. Arnold,<sup>1</sup> "has been branded with the epithet of fratricide, and subsequently, Cain-like, he appears to have become a vagabond." It is therefore a comfort to have this authority for speaking more gently of him.

A manuscript,<sup>2</sup> belonging to St. Scholastica's Abbey, Teignmouth, originally at Ghent, gives a still more favourable account of Sir Geoffrey Pole, and then goes on to speak of his son Geoffrey. It is worth reading, as giving the family traditions :

The Countess of Salisbury and her two sons, Lord Montague and Sir Geoffrey Pole, were condemned to death by Henry VIII., in defiance of all justice, human and divine. The two former were executed, but Sir Geoffrey took such extreme grief at the wicked and malicious proceeding against his mother and himself, that he fell extreme sick, and was come even to the point of death before the executioner was called on to bereave him of life. Wherefore his lady, a very devout and good woman, took heart to go to the King and beg his life in this distressed case, hoping it should seem that if she could obtain his life of an earthly prince, she might perhaps obtain it of the King of Heaven. Upon this her request [the King was told] that His Majesty might well grant her this to comfort her, in respect that her husband was already as good as

<sup>1</sup> *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, vol. xxi. (1869), p. 79.

<sup>2</sup> Printed in Brother Foley's *Records of the English Province*, vol. iii. p. 790.

dead. Having then obtained her petition, she presently caused five masses to be said for him, in honour of our Blessed Saviour's five wounds, unto which she was very devout. And behold, Almighty God heard her prayers, and as the fifth mass was a-saying, Sir Geoffrey began to mend, and soon after recovered. His estate notwithstanding was all confiscated to the King, so that he had no more left but what was his wife's, the which was an heiress, daughter of Sir Edward Paginham [Pakenham], descended from the Kings of Ireland. By her he had many children, but of all the sons none had issue except his son Geoffrey Pole.

To speak now of this son. He too was a brave and courageous gentleman, a most constant Catholic, a harbourer of priests, and one who being strong in hand would beat the pursuivants and catchpoles so handsomely, that they stood in great fear of him. Once a pursuivant being sent down to serve a writ upon him for his conscience, it chanced that the pursuivant met him upon the road ; so riding on together, the fellow began to speak about Mr. Geoffrey Pole, saying thus : "He's a shrewd man of his hands, for he did beat a brother of mine ; but I have something here, I warrant, that will cool his courage ;" and then he told how he brought a writ for him. The gentleman heard all, and said nothing who he was, but entertained the pursuivant with talk, and rode on together with him till he had him in a fit place, and then said he unto him : "Here is Geoffrey Pole ; what hast thou to say to him ?" The fellow pulled out his writ, and said, as the manner is : "The Queen greets you,"—for it was in Elizabeth's reign. He, hearing this, made no more ado, but drew out his sword and said : "Look here, fellow, I give thee thy choice—either eat up this writ presently, or else eat my sword, for one of the two thou shalt do, ere we depart hence." The poor knave began to quake for fear, and durst not once resist him, but like a coward, was wholly daunted, and did indeed eat up the writ for fear, rather than he would be killed. So became the writ of no effect, except to punish the pursuivant for his pains.

Having an aunt of his married unto an heretical bishop, he would play them such merry tricks, in contempt of that false dignity, as, when he chanced to ride by their house, he would blow a horn and shoot off a pistol, for to give them a mock. Such like good feats did this worthy gentleman perform, and showed always his zeal unto Catholic religion ; but at last the parsons made the country too hot for him, for he did often confute and deride them ; and so he went over the seas into voluntary banishment, where he died, a constant Catholic, at Antwerp.

Brother Foley thinks that Archbishop Bancroft is alluding to this feat on the part of Geoffrey Pole the younger, in making the pursuivant eat his writ, in the following passage in a letter to Cecil, dated April 27, 1602 : "Also they in Lancashire and those parts stand not in fear, by reason of the great multitude

there is of them. Likewise I have heard it reported publicly among them that they of that county have beaten divers pursuivants extremely, and made them vow and swear that they would never meddle with any recusants more, and one pursuivant in particular to eat his warrant and vow never to trouble them more." However there is nothing to show that Geoffrey Pole lived in Lancashire, where it is pleasant to know that at the end of Elizabeth's long reign the Catholics were in such "great multitude." Geoffrey lived at Lordington, in the parish of Racton, near Chichester.

And here arises a difficulty. We are told by Dallaway,<sup>1</sup> the historian of Sussex, that "Lordington manor house is supposed to have been built, but certainly was inhabited, by Sir Richard Pole, the husband of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury." And Mr. Cary-Elwes<sup>2</sup> supports as probable Dallaway's theory that Cardinal Pole was born there about the year 1500, "when Lordington was certainly in his father's possession." In that case both of our manuscripts would be wrong, that of the Spanish Chronicle and the Benedictine Nun of Ghent, which agree in saying that, whatever Cromwell may have given him before from Lord Montague's property, when Sir Geoffrey went abroad, all the Pole property was confiscated, and he had left to him only the property his wife owned in her own right. But Dallaway, though followed by Mr. Arnold, Mr. Cary-Elwes, as well as by Mr. Ambrose Lee in his Life of Blessed Margaret, cannot possibly be right. About the confiscation of the Pole property there can be no doubt whatever. But Lordington was not confiscated, for there Sir Geoffrey's wife continued to live, and it passed to her children and grandchildren after her, so that there is immense intrinsic probability in the statement of our two independent authorities, that the house near Chichester was the inheritance of Constance Lady Pole. And so it was. Lodge<sup>3</sup> comes to our rescue, and tells us that about 1420, the family of Pakenham, of Saxon extraction, not "descended from the Kings of Ireland," as the good Nun of Ghent imagined, but "of Packenham in Suffolk, changed their residence to Lordington in the county of Sussex, where Hugh, the eldest son of Theobald, lived

<sup>1</sup> Dallaway's *History of the Western Division of Sussex*. London, 1815, vol. i. *Parochial Topography*, p. 179.

<sup>2</sup> *History of Western Sussex*. By Dudley George Cary-Elwes, F.S.A. London, 1876, p. 179.

<sup>3</sup> *The Peerage of Ireland*. By John Lodge. Ed. Archdall. London, 1789, vol. iii. p. 367.

in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., who was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Hugh Pakenham, knight, who died in Henry VII.'s reign, leaving two sons, John and Nicholas, and a daughter Anne, who married first Sir Thomas Fitzwilliam, who was slain at Flodden Field in 1513, and secondly Sir William Sidney, knight and banneret, by whom she had Henry Sidney, K.G., Lord Deputy of Ireland. She died in 1544. Sir John, the eldest son of Sir Hugh, died in Henry VIII.'s time, leaving a daughter Constance, with whom the lordship of Lordington went at her marriage to Sir Geoffrey Pole, second son of Sir Richard Pole, K.G., by his wife Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury."

This reconciles everything, and positively disproves Dallaway's assertions, by which the other writers mentioned have been misled. It is a pity; but Lordington manor house cannot have any associations whatever with Blessed Margaret or her husband, Sir Richard Pole, and all probability consequently disappears that it was the birthplace of Cardinal Pole. On her own paternal inheritance Constance Pole naturally lived, and by not going abroad with her husband, she saved it for her family. It was settled by her on her son Thomas, whose widow, Mary Pole, of Stoke, Sussex, was engaged in a Chancery suit in Elizabeth's time, as administratrix of another Mary Pole, the late wife of Arthur, her husband's brother. The manor of Lordington continued in the family until 1608.

Two facts respecting Sir Geoffrey, the Cardinal's brother, are recorded for us in the Acts of the Privy Council. On September 9, 1540, "letters were brought from the Lord Privy Seal<sup>1</sup> declaring a certain affray to be made by Sir Geoffrey Pole, in Hampshire, upon one Mr. Gunter, a Justice of Peace, for that, as Pole said, one of Gunter's servants had spoken evil of him, and for that also himself, Gunter, had disclosed to the King's Council, in the time of Pole's trouble, certain secret conference which Pole had with him." The Privy Council answered Lord Privy Seal that "calling the complaint eftsoons before him, the lords and others the gentlemen and Justices of the Peace in the country, to the intent the crime of Sir Geoffrey might be notorious to all the country there, he should commit the said Sir Geoffrey to the Fleet, there to remain until further

<sup>1</sup> William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, made Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, October 27, 1539. Cromwell, his predecessor in the office, was made Earl of Essex, April 17, 1540, and was beheaded July 28 in the same year.

knowledge of the King's pleasure." On the 20th of September the Privy Council were informed by Lord Southampton that he had obeyed their instructions ; but on the 24th it was "declared to the Lady Pole, the wife of Sir Geoffrey Pole, that the King's Highness had pardoned her husband of his imprisonment;" but "it was ordered that he should agree with the party," and it was expressly added that he should "in no wise approach near to the King's presence, nor come to the Court, until His Highness' pleasure were further known in that behalf."<sup>1</sup> This, evidently, is the liberation at his wife's intercession, referred to in the Ghent narrative, and not his discharge from the Tower in the previous year, after the martyrdom of his brother, Lord Montague.

Sir Geoffrey Pole will not have found it easy "to agree with the party," Mr. Gunter, the Justice, who evidently had the ear of the Privy Council. In the second case it appears, from the Privy Council Records, "Sir Geoffrey Pole knight had violently and contrary to the King's Highness' peace assaulted and hurt Sir John Mychael, clerk, parson of Racton in the county of Sussex, as appeared by a supplication exhibited unto the Justices of the Shire, and thereupon an injunction directed unto him under the Great Seal for the conservation of the peace, Mr. Shelley, one of the Justices of the Common Bench, was required to call before him and other the King's Justices at the next Sessions the said Sir Geoffrey, not only to put in sufficient sureties for the observation of the said injunction, but also to answer unto the said bill of supplication, and to certify unto the Council their proceedings in the same." It does seem marvellous how the country could have been governed in this paternal manner, an ordinary assault being reported to the King's Council and an injunction thereupon issued under the Great Seal. Surely we may assume that this would not have been done if pressure had not been intended to be brought to bear on a person of importance.

This was on the 9th of April, 1541. In a few days the matter assumed a different phase. On the 13th "Sir John Mychael, priest, parson of Racton in the county of Sussex, being accused by Sir Robert Sandwiche, priest, chaplain to Sir Geoffrey Pole,

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council of England.* Edited by Sir Harris Nicholas, 1837, vol. vii. p. 33, 32 Henry VIII. The regnal year is wrongly given by Mr. Arnold and Mr. Cary-Elwes as 31 Henry VIII., which would have been 1539.

knight, to have spoken certain heinous and traitorous words against the King's Majesty, and the said words vowed by the said Sir Robert to the said Sir John face to face," Mychael was committed to the Tower and Sandwiche bound in a recognizance of 100*l.* to remain in London and to appear when called on, and "not to advertize or give knowledge to Sir Geoffrey Pole, knight, of his examination or deposition in this matter directly nor indirectly by word, writing, or otherwise, nor receive any word, letter or other advertisement from the said Sir Geoffrey, but that he do forthwith open and disclose the same to the Council."

On the 15th of April, a letter was written to Mr. Merven, the Justice, and to Geoffrey's old antagonist Mr. Gunter, with the accusation of Sandwiche against Mychael; adding that "whereas the said Mychael being examined of the said accusation said amongst other things, that sithence the time that the said Sir Geoffrey had wounded him in his own house, he desired to be reconciled unto the said parson by the means of the said Merven, it was specially required of the said Mr. Merven that he should advertize the Council whether Sir Geoffrey desired him to make any such reconciliation or no; and if he did, what he did [in] it, and how far forth he hath gone for the perfection of the same." And at the same time a letter was sent to Sir Geoffrey Pole himself, saying that his chaplain's deposition before the Privy Council, "did somewhat vary from that which he deposed before Mr. Merven, and that [as] Sir Robert said that Sir Geoffrey remembered the words spoken by the parson of Racton as well as he, for that he declared the same unto Sir Geoffrey the Morrow after they were spoken," he was required "to signify unto the Council as near as he could call to his remembrance the very words in manner and form as the said Sir Robert rehearsed them unto him."

The end of the matter was that on the 22nd of April the Council decided, in consequence of the answer received from Merven and Gunter, "as also by other vehement presumptions, that Sir Robert Sandwiche, priest, had accused Sir John Mychael, priest, parson of Racton, by means of Sir Geoffrey Pole, knight, proceeding only of malice, that the said parson who was in the Tower upon that accusation should be let to bail." And on the 3rd of May Sandwiche was discharged of his recognizance.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 171—187.

Within a month of this time, as Mr. Arnold points out, Sir Geoffrey's mother, Blessed Margaret, was executed on Tower Green, after two years of imprisonment in the Tower. The bill of attainer under which, instead of the sentence of a Court of Justice, she died, was passed on May 12, 1539, and her martyrdom was on May 27, 1541. This must have been suddenly determined on, as in March, 1541, a letter was sent from the Privy Council at Hampton Court to the Queen's tailor "to provide and make meet for the late Countess of Salisbury, being prisoned in the Tower, the parcels of apparel and other necessaries," according to the list they sent.

The death of his mother, and the feeling at Court against himself, naturally sent Sir Geoffrey Pole to the Continent, and the manner of his departure from England our Spanish chronicler has told us. Curiously enough, we get a glimpse in the Privy Council Records of the Flemish ship that, as it would seem, took him over to Flanders. John Gunter and William Wayte, of Chichester, reported that they had stayed "a certain Flemish hoy" at Chichester, and had sold its cargo of wheat at 6s. 8d. a quarter, to be paid at Pentecost next ensuing; but the Privy Council "required them to deliver unto the said Flemings the said hoy and all other things contained in the same." This order is dated April 9, 1541.

Mr. Arnold gives us two interesting letters that were written about Sir Geoffrey Pole to the English Government in the time of King Edward VI. The first bears out what the Spaniard has told us of his living at Liège, as the charges of the Prince Bishop. The other is incompatible with Major Sharp Hume's statement that "Sir Geoffrey returned to England, amnestied, at the beginning of 1551."

Sir John Mason wrote thus to the Privy Council from Poissy, August 2, 1550:

Geoffrey Pole was lately in Paris, and I was at that time informed by an Irishman, who purposely came hither to bring me tidings thereof, that he was even then come out of England and was returning to Rome, whereupon I sent Mr. Barnadyn thither to espy his doings and to learn me as much as he could what he intended. Suddenly I understood he was come to this Court, and by and by I was told he was at my chamber door, whom causing to enter, I demanded what he had to do in these quarters. He told me his continuance was at Liège, and having nothing else to do, he minded to pass this summer in riding up and down to see countries, and having occasion to go

this way to Roan [Rouen], he thought it his duty to visit me as the King's Ambassador. He told me that he had been with Mr. Hobby, who had written in his behalf, but as yet could have no answer. His desire, he said, was to return, having not offended any otherwise but that he departed without licence out of the realm. "Yes," quoth I, "you have been with the unnatural man, your brother [Cardinal Pole]." True, quoth he, and how well I contented myself there, my short abode may well declare. I asked him what entertainment he had, and how he lived abroad. He told me he had forty crowns a month of his brother, and that the Bishop of Liège was very good to him. This notwithstanding, he much desired to return to his own country, and prayed me that I would write in his behalf. I told him I would do so, if I might be sure he would be a good and true subject. And thus he took his leave, and went forth on his journey to Roan, minding, as he said, from thence to return to Liège.

On May 20, 1551, Sir Geoffrey was at Mechlin, for Dr. Wotton says that as he passed through that city a servant of his told him that "one in a velvet coat asked him whether he were an Englishman. My man said 'yea.' 'Then,' quoth the other, 'I pray you show your master that I would speak with him.' 'What is your name?' quoth my man. 'Marry Geoffrey Pole,' quoth the other. When I heard this, I told my man I would not speak with him, he having used himself as he had done."<sup>1</sup>

On the accession of Mary, Sir Geoffrey Pole must have returned to England, for he was buried at Stoughton, as his wife, who survived him, in her will, dated August 12, 1570, left "My body to be buried in the Church of Stoughton, near unto my dear and well-beloved husband, Sir Geoffrey Pole, knight, deceased." The will is given by Mr. Arnold. It was in Elizabeth's time, and it is curious to remark that Dame Constance left to the Cathedral Church of Chichester, 3s. 4d., and to the parish church of Stoughton 5s. Her manor of Lordington, as we have said, she bequeathed to her eldest son Thomas. She left legacies to her sons Geoffrey and Henry, and to her daughters Katherine ffoskwe [Forescue], Margaret Windsor, and Mary. She also mentioned in her will her son Thomas Pole's wife, and William Caufolde [Cuffaud], her son-in-law. This William Cuffaud was the husband of her daughter Mary; Margaret married the brother of Lord Windsor, and besides those mentioned, Elizabeth married Edward Nevill, and Anne a man named Hildesham.

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Edward VI., Foreign*, p. 108.

Her sons all died childless except Geoffrey, who married Catherine Dutton. In 1585, Anthony Fortescue, his brother-in-law, rented Lordington of him for 50*l.* a year, and in 1608, he or his son Geoffrey sold it to Hugh Speke.

Respecting Geoffrey, the son of Sir Geoffrey, the man who made the pursuivant eat his writ, a letter<sup>1</sup> is extant from Cardinal Allen to Father Agazzari, Rector of the English College at Rome, dated from Rheims, August 28, 1582 :

He who will give you this is the nephew of a man of holy memory amongst us, Cardinal Pole's brother's son; who is not only avoiding the common persecution against Catholics, but fearing the deadly enemies of his name and royal blood, is obliged to quit his country and leave his property, his wife and children, bringing with him into exile only his eldest son, a boy of seven. I did not counsel him to go to Rome, but as he wished to go there and asked letters from me, I could not hinder him nor refuse to speak to his excellent virtues. In proportion to his means there was no one in all England more liberal to afflicted Catholics and especially to priests. To his house as to a safe harbour priests have always gone. He supported four or five, often more. Of this Father Leonard Hide, once a student of yours, can be an eye-witness and an example, and he can tell you how much he has done and borne for the faith; and other priests write to me to the same effect from England. I beseech you to do for such and so great a man all you may and can with your kind Cardinal Protector and ours, and in due time with the Pope. He sets great store on having this good priest [Hide] with him and he is bent on taking him to Rome; otherwise I told him that I was sorry that, as he is a priest, he should leave God's work. He promises to come back if you tell him to do so. I commend all this to your piety and charity, and myself to your prayers and sacrifices and those of your students, my dearest brethren in Christ. May the Lord Jesus always keep your Reverence.

On the 13th of November Allen writes: "I am very glad to hear that Mr. Pole has reached Rome safely;" and on the 30th of December: "I give God and your piety great thanks for Mr. Pole's promotion and for the honourable education of his son. That will burn our heretics greatly; but I wish them to burn with another fire."<sup>2</sup> The Pope had made ample

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen.* Edited by the Fathers of the London Oratory. London, 1882, p. 157. We have translated the letter from the original Latin.

<sup>2</sup> Allen's *Letters*, pp. 170, 173. It has been thought well not to omit these words, though they may easily be misunderstood. Cardinal Allen was not the man to mean any fire but that of charity.

provision for Geoffrey Pole, and had placed his son with the son of the Prince of Parma to be brought up in Cardinal Farnese's palace. That this son was called Arthur is recorded in the Douay Diary, under the date of August 22, 1582, when they arrived from England, and in a pedigree he is said to have been "slain in Rome." They started from Douay for Rome on the 28th, and Peter Hide, the brother of Leonard the priest, went with them as a servant. On November 19, 1590, Geoffrey Pole, the third of the name, reached Rheims, with six other boys from the school at Eu. In 1606 this Geoffrey or his father was living at Wirehall in Cheshire, and he is said to be the ancestor of Sir James Pole of Wirehall. Geoffrey the elder died at Antwerp, as we learn from the Ghent narrative, but in what year we do not know. Sister Mary Pole, another of his children, who had long been an Augustinian Canoness in the English convent at Louvain, in 1635, "of good sufficiency for such a charge, but somewhat aged," was made Prioress of the English convent of the same Order at Bruges. There she died November 4, 1640.

JOHN MORRIS

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## *A Child of Grace.*

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OUT of all the countless multitude of the stars that shine in the celestial Paradise, differing each from each in glory, every circumstance and state of life can claim its special exemplar. The subject of the story we are about to relate seems to be a type, and a very remarkable one, of those in whom, in spite of external disadvantages and the influence of home and parents, the love of God and His Church seems to be innate. Who would have thought that the child of bigoted Puritans, who drank in with her mother's milk a bitter prejudice against the Church of God, could have lived a life of extraordinary holiness or died a death of heroic sanctity? Little Esther was a wonderful instance of God's inscrutable ways with those He has chosen to be His own. Her story is a very short and very simple one.

In the year 1610 an English merchant named Richard Leggues or Legge—in which one seems to recognize a thorough Puritan appellation—was living, and pursuing his business at St. Malo. He had married a French woman from the little town of Vittré, Rachel Lemoine by name, a Protestant like himself, and one whose religious belief was evidently of the most extreme type of narrow Calvinism common to the Huguenot of that time, consisting chiefly in the indulgence of the wildest hatred against the Catholic Church. One knows the type—although it is happily becoming more and more rare—for in the annals of our latest conversions there are not wanting instances of children who have been rendered homeless, and wives penniless, a house divided against itself, and lives and careers wrecked, from the same bigotry of ignorant misbelief.

Towards the end of the year of which we speak a little daughter was born to this Puritan pair. She was, so far as we can learn, their only child, and, one doubts not, cherished and made much of in her infancy. But, strange to say, from the time she began to speak, with the first dawnings of reason, the child evinced a strange, unaccountable predilection for the Catholic Church. When only four years old, sent out to play with other little companions, she loved to follow them into

the great Cathedral, whose silent aisles and stately altars bore then, as now, mute witness to the Holy Presence they held. Little Esther would softly creep in whenever she found herself near, and watch, with wistful eyes, her young companions as they bowed their childish heads in momentary recollectedness, kneeling beside their mothers at that quiet altar where the red light burned always, or, tired with their play, went to whisper an *Ave* before the statue of the Blessed Mother. As she grew able to express her thoughts she would go from one to another of their Catholic neighbours, homely Breton peasants who stirred their *pot-au-feu* or sat round their doorsteps of a summer evening to chat, and work, and watch the children at play beyond, and she would beg these kindly women to "teach her how to pray to God." They told her what they could, and spoke of the good nuns, the Ursulines, who pursued their time-honoured vocation of teaching in that town; and little Esther, now five or six years old, soon found her way to their convent, and, without her parents' knowledge, learned from them the truths of that religion which so instinctively she loved. Eagerly she drank in their teachings, fervently, too, she practised them; and at an age when most children have scarcely realized the realities of life, this little soul of only six years old had made a firm resolution to become a Catholic.

One can hardly believe the description given as that of a child of such tender years when we are told how, from that age, the child strove to live the life of a Catholic under her father's roof; how, her parents, of course, eating meat on Fridays and fast-days, Esther managed to avoid doing so, eating dry bread rather than break the Church's rule; how she contrived to fast often during Lent, giving her breakfast away to the poor, and refusing to eat her supper. But the chief difficulty seemed an insurmountable one. Esther's parents went to the *précupe*, as it was called, the Calvinistic meetings and preachings which were held at Plouer, a village not far from St. Malo, and the little confessor felt that there she must not go. She excused herself on various pretexts from time to time, and succeeded so well that she was only once known to have been present at them; but when the mother found out that the child's reluctance was based upon religious conviction she began to beat and ill-treat her, and her father also took the same line, having on one occasion to be held back by his brother-in-law when he was pursuing his child with a stick in a violent rage, and on another occasion giving her such a blow that she was laid up afterwards.

for some time with a swollen and wounded foot. In spite of all their efforts the child continued to go to Mass, and, after seven years old, to confession, and tried to follow every devotion in her power. She was a gentle, obedient, docile child, and her parents could find no fault with her, but their bigotry appeared after a time to blind them to all parental affection.

By this time the state of things was well known to their neighbours, and her young companions would constantly invite little Esther to walk out with them or come to their houses, so that she might escape the surveillance of her parents and be enabled to hear Mass or visit the church and convent. Sometimes, indeed, they would tease the gentle little girl who depended upon their help for opportunities of attending Mass, pretending that they did not wish for her company and would not play with "a little Huguenot," but the poor child took it so much to heart, tearfully insisting that they would be guilty of sin if they were the means of depriving her of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, and declaring that "if all the world forsake me I will still try to work out my salvation as well as I can, all alone, with the help of God and of the Blessed Virgin," that they had not the heart to persist in their refusal, and ended by giving her all the help they could. One of her little friends kept her Rosary for her, which she dared not keep at home, as she had tried to do so at first and experienced very harsh treatment on its being discovered in her possession by a Huguenot servant girl who worked for Madame Leggues, and who took a spiteful pleasure in adding to the persecutions of this unhappy home.

Poor little Esther must often have felt the long vista of years which seemed to stretch out before her path ere she could reasonably hope for freedom to serve God in His Church to be well-nigh unendurable; and, longing for such a peaceful holy life as she had caught some glimpses of, during her visits to the good nuns, she begged the Bishop of St. Malo, whom she seems to have visited from time to time, to get her admitted into some convent, that she might, when older, take the veil, and in the meanwhile be able to practise her religion; but of course it was found to be out of the question to attempt to remove the child from her parents without their consent, so she was obliged to await in patience the leading of God. The Bishop, however, fortified her against the assaults of the enemy as far as lay in his power, both by kind and judicious advice, and by giving her the Sacrament of Confirmation, with all its special graces of fortitude and courage. Telling her, as he

instructed her for the reception of that great sacrament, how she was about to make a solemn engagement to confess the Catholic faith openly and courageously, and that she must from henceforth be ready to suffer all persecutions for Christ's sake, "Ah, monseigneur," she answered him, "everything I can possibly suffer is nothing in comparison with the torments which our Lord suffered for me. I am resolved to live and to die a Catholic, and to go to Mass always, even if my father and mother should kill me for doing so, as they threaten to do."

Martyr in will, if not in deed! The sacrifice which she offered of herself to God was accepted, and the cross she was so ready to bear was taken from her more quickly, more completely, than either she or the anxious watchers who felt for her strange and defenceless position could have dared to hope. The Puritan merchant and his wife, acting probably on the advice of some of their Protestant *confrères*, now determined to brook no more delay, but to make the child at least outwardly conform to their heresy; and one day Esther was informed that on the following Sunday she was to be taken, by force if need be, to the *prêche*. Her horror and despair were great, for she saw no way of avoiding the scandal; and in her trouble she betook herself to prayer, and besought God rather to take her out of the world than to let this thing happen to her. *Her prayer was heard.* A sudden and violent sickness came upon her, so that the Sunday which was to have seen her trial, found Esther in bed, too ill to move. We are not told what was the nature of the illness, but she was conscious, and able to speak, for her young friends came to visit her, and the child whispered how "they had taken away her rosary beads, but she still said the Rosary on her fingers, when no one was in the room," and she begged them all to pray to God and the Blessed Virgin for her. As soon as the gravity of her illness became known in the town, several priests tried to procure admission to her, especially some of the English Benedictines, who had fled from England and were living in community at St. Malo. But all their attempts were in vain; the child's mother determinately rejected every overture of the kind, and would not permit any one to enter the house. Meanwhile, the child grew rapidly worse, and at length, on the 15th of July, alone, or surrounded only by the enemies of her soul, yet watched over, who can doubt it, by that Virgin Mother whom she had ever devoutly confided in, her pure spirit was borne by its guardian angel to the Throne of God.

Hardly had little Esther drawn her last breath, when Madame Leggues, who had quitted the room, heard to her amazement the sound of singing round the silent death-bed ; and a wondrous chorus of sweet voices rang through the house. Thinking at first that it was the servant girl, she called to her and reproached her for such heartless and insulting behaviour in thus singing in a house of mourning ; but the girl, astonished, declared truthfully enough that she had not uttered a sound ; and some neighbours, who also overheard the wondrous strains, joined her in declaring that the voices which had been heard were *no human ones*.

One more difficulty remained. The pious Catholics of the place, knowing well the faith and holiness of the dead child, and desiring to claim her for their own, now came forward with a request that Esther Leggues should be buried as a Catholic in consecrated ground. The parents refused, and took the little body secretly over to the Protestant burying-place at Plouer. Thereupon an ecclesiastical authority, the "Promoter of the diocese," presented a request to the Cathedral Chapter that an inquiry might be made in proof of the report that Esther Leggues had died in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. The investigation was duly made, and many witnesses examined, including the dead child's young companions, and others. All agreed in declaring that little Esther was a Catholic indeed, both in faith and practice, and, the inquiry ended, the Bishop of St. Malo went over himself to Plouer—it was on September 8, 1620—and, after a solemn High Mass, he repaired to the Calvinist cemetery, had the body of Esther Leggues exhumed, and conducted it, with all the ceremonies of Catholic usage, into the parish church, where it was duly buried. It is related that while the little procession of clergy stood round the coffin as it was lifted from its temporary grave, one of them asked the Bishop "whether they should now begin the Office for the dead ;" but he, turning gravely towards his questioner, replied, in the words of Holy Writ, *Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena*—"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?" And it was not until the train of choristers and clergy had quitted that unsanctified resting-place, that the voices of the faithful rose in sonorous Psalms.

T. L. L. TEELING.

## *The Eruption of Krakatoa.*

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### II.—ITS RESULTS.

EXTRAORDINARY as was the eruption of Krakatoa considered in itself, its results were even more remarkable. We have already briefly passed in review those of them which more immediately followed the explosions of August 26th and 27th; such as the violent and destructive waves in sea and air, the great alterations in the depths of the surrounding sea-bottom, and the intensity of the sound wave, the vibrations of which extended over a large fraction of the entire surface of the globe. It remains to give an account of other subsequent phenomena, of great interest both from a scientific and a general point of view. Passing over with bare mention the magnetic effects, which were recorded in almost all the magnetic observatories of the world, as a well-marked double oscillation of the self-recording needles, the magnetic waves travelling round the globe with an average velocity of eight hundred and sixty-eight miles per hour, we propose to divide our subject into three heads, and to discuss the sea waves, the atmospheric waves, and the brilliant sky-glooms which were the results of the catastrophe at Krakatoa.

And first as to the sea waves. These were of two kinds, a series of short waves of irregular and brief period, and a long steady wave having a period of about two hours. This latter left its trace upon the tidal gauges scattered over the world to immense distances from the source of disturbance. The short waves which destroyed the villages and coast towns of Java and Sumatra, and were so destructive to human life, are reported to have reached a height of one hundred and fifteen feet above sea level on the hill-sides at Merak, thirty-three miles away from the volcano. A more accurate measuring at Telok Betong, distant forty-nine miles, gives the height of the wave as seventy-two feet, while the tidal gauge at the port of Batavia, ninety-four miles from the seat of eruption, after

various relatively minor oscillations of the float, due to the earlier explosions, showed at 12<sup>h</sup> 15<sup>m</sup> p. m., the advance of a wall of water, the reading at 12<sup>h</sup> 36<sup>m</sup> being seven and a half feet above water level at the time, which was succeeded by a drop of ten feet below the same mark. Then followed a series of waves of gradually diminishing amplitude, to the number of fourteen. The mean period as indicated by the gauge, was almost two hours from crest to crest. The wave thus set up travelled to a comparatively short distance to the north and east, its progress in these directions being obstructed and broken by the scattered islands of the East Indian Archipelago. But towards the west, over the open surface of the great Indian Ocean, it held an unimpeded course. Accordingly its trace is found at Cape Horn, and most probably even in the English Channel. For at Havre, ten thousand seven hundred and eighty miles away, five small waves having a range of about one inch, and a mean period of thirty-three minutes were registered by the instrument at that port, the deduced velocity being four hundred and twenty-two miles per hour. The explanation advanced of the cause of these waves, discriminates a separate and independent cause of the waves of long and short period. With regard to the former, upheaval of the sea bottom is supposed to have been the main factor in their production. For the witness borne by the gauges was to the effect that the wave was a positive one, a rise of water being the first phenomenon noted. The possible explanation of an influx of water into the bowels of the eviscerated volcano is thus eliminated, for had this been the cause of the wave, the first indication on the gauges would have been a fall of the float. Again, the alteration in the depths of the sea bottom around Krakatoa, mostly in the direction of a lessening of the same, is an ascertained fact, lending due weight to the explanation adduced. But with regard to the waves of short period, rapid and irregular in their advance, another cause seems most probably to have been operative. This is credited to the falling into the sea of the immense amount of materials which disappeared, and were simply blown away during the explosions of the early morning of August 27th. In this connection, corroborative evidence is furnished by the miles upon miles of floating pumice encountered by vessels all over the surface of the neighbouring seas, and which literally covered the north and west shores of Australia. This pumice stream had reached as distant a place as Natal on September 27th, 1884.

The atmospheric wave, which left its trace upon all the self-recording barometers of the world, next claims our attention. We may be permitted to take the Stonyhurst curves, exact photographic copies of which now lie before us,<sup>1</sup> as a sample, for there is a remarkable similarity, nay, almost identity, in the appearance of all the curves, fifty in number, discussed in the report. And first, a few words as to the mode in which such photographic traces are produced. A barometer of the cistern pattern is rigidly mounted in front of a slit, which is illuminated by the light of an ordinary gas-flame, condensed upon it by a bull's-eye lens. The slit is contiguous to the vacuum in the barometer tube, and thus while the upper boundary is rigidly fixed, the lower is formed by the surface of the mercury in the barometer tube. Therefore as the mercury falls, the luminous slit becomes longer and as it rises, shorter. By means of a photographic lens, an image of the luminous slit is formed as a line of light upon a cylinder placed at a proper distance. A sheet of sensitive photographic paper is wrapped round the cylinder, which by means of suitable clockwork, is caused to rotate upon a rigid axis once in every forty-eight hours. The luminous line is therefore being continually photographed upon the paper, its length giving a means of ascertaining the barometric height at any moment. A stop is so arranged, as to cut off the light for four minutes every two hours, so that a time scale is obtained upon the sheet. In addition to all this, by another ingenious arrangement, the details of which it will be unnecessary to enter into in this place, the barometer applies its own compensation for variations in temperature.

Looking at the Stonyhurst curves for August 26—28, and August 28—30, it is seen that the trace is steady for the first two days, the reading being about 29·5 inches, while a slight fall succeeded by a rise is the main characteristic of the following two days. But at about 2 p.m. on the 27th there is a short but sharp oscillation, first a rise and then a fall, the latter phase being marked as a well-formed peak. Another swing of almost identical outline is repeated at about 3.30 a.m. of the 28th, the peak in this case being more blunted than its predecessor, and divided into two. We remark also, that on the hollows which precede the peaks, some minor oscillations are superposed, giving them a wavy appearance. Thus there

<sup>1</sup> We are indebted for these to the kindness of the Rev. S. J. Perry, the director of the Observatory.

is in both cases, a sudden rise succeeded by a well-marked fall, the amplitude of the swing being about .06 of an inch. The same effects, but with smaller amplitude, are to be seen on the curve for August 28—30, the hollow in these two instances being better defined than the peak. Three more similar breaks are registered on the two days August 31—September 1, making the total number of seven oscillations as obtained at the Stonyhurst observatory. If now the barograms from other observatories be collated with those described above, the same hollows and peaks are to be seen on them all, but, a noticeable difference, occurring later in time as the place is more removed towards the west from Krakatoa. Taking the peaks as fiducial points, and marking the time of the occurrence of the first one, it is found at Calcutta at 6<sup>h</sup> 47<sup>m</sup> a.m., August 27th, at Bombay 7<sup>h</sup> 26<sup>m</sup>, at St. Petersburg 12<sup>h</sup> 14<sup>m</sup> p.m., at Berlin 12<sup>h</sup> 52<sup>m</sup>, at Rome 1<sup>h</sup> 0<sup>m</sup>, at Greenwich 1<sup>h</sup> 45<sup>m</sup>, at Lisbon 2<sup>h</sup> 17<sup>m</sup>, at Toronto 5<sup>h</sup> 33<sup>m</sup>, at Washington 6<sup>h</sup> 0<sup>m</sup>, and at Havana 7<sup>h</sup> 0<sup>m</sup>, the time of passage becoming later as the longitude increases. This fact suggested to General Strachey the idea that the disturbances were all due to a common origin, and that this origin was to be sought in the recent volcanic outburst in the Sunda Straits. A paper stating his views was received by the Royal Society on December 12, 1883,<sup>1</sup> and a further discussion is to be found in Part II. of the Report of the Krakatoa Committee of the same society. It is evident that if the distances of the various stations along great circles from Krakatoa are accurately known, as well as the times of the passage of the wave, a means is given for determining in the first place the velocity of the same, and in the second place the time at which the grand explosion which gave rise to the oscillations in the atmosphere occurred at Krakatoa. The final result deduced from the consideration of all the data, is that the mean velocity of the wave's transmission was 10·31° or 713 English miles per hour, and that the great explosion took place at 9<sup>h</sup> 58<sup>m</sup> local time, or 2<sup>h</sup> 56<sup>m</sup> Greenwich mean time on the morning of the 27th of August. This last result is wonderfully borne out by the self-recording pressure gauge at the Batavia gas-works. By theory the wave ought to have reached that place, distant 1° 22' from Krakatoa, at 10<sup>h</sup> 11<sup>m</sup> local time. After some remarkable oscillations marked on the trace, and no doubt

<sup>1</sup> Proc. R. S. vol. xxxvi. p. 143.

due to the ever-varying pressure which was the consequence of the earlier paroxysms at the volcano, there is a sudden extraordinary rise of the curve between  $10^{\text{h}} 15^{\text{m}}$  and  $10^{\text{h}} 20^{\text{m}}$ , agreeing as closely as could be expected with the calculated time, when we remember that the instruments at a gas-works cannot be expected to have the precision of those at a scientific observatory.

As we have selected the Stonyhurst curves as a type for the description of all the traces, it may be interesting to work out approximate values for velocity and time from them alone, as a particular example of the method employed. Reckoning along great circles, Stonyhurst is distant from Krakatoa  $105^{\circ} 24'$  from E. to W., and  $254^{\circ} 36'$  from W. to E.<sup>1</sup> Taking the passages of the wave we first separate the odd ones or those which mark its course from E. to W., from the even ones caused by the return journey in the opposite direction from Krakatoa's antipodes. The times of the transits reckoning from midnight on August the 26th are  $13^{\text{h}} 55^{\text{m}}$ ,  $50^{\text{h}} 27^{\text{m}}$ ,  $87^{\text{h}} 0^{\text{m}}$ , and  $124^{\text{h}} 10^{\text{m}}$ , and of the returning wave  $27^{\text{h}} 45^{\text{m}}$ ,  $62^{\text{h}} 35^{\text{m}}$ , and  $97^{\text{h}} 10^{\text{m}}$ . The intervals and hourly rates may now be grouped, for it is clear that between any two passages in the same sense, as between the first and third, the wave had been propagated right round the globe, or through  $360^{\circ}$ . The following table is the result.

E. To W. PASSAGE.			W. To E. PASSAGE.		
	Hours	Hourly Rate		Hours	Hourly Rate
From origin to I. ...	10.38	$10^{\circ}15'$	From origin to II. ...	24.22	$10^{\circ}51'$
I.—III. ...	36.53	$9^{\circ}85'$	II.—IV. ...	34.83	$10^{\circ}34'$
III.—V. ...	36.55	$9^{\circ}85'$	IV.—VI. ...	34.58	$10^{\circ}41'$
V.—VII. ...	37.17	$9^{\circ}69'$	Means ..... Means .....	34.71	$10^{\circ}42'$
Means .....	36.75	$9.86^{\circ}$			

The deduced mean velocity of the wave when advancing against the direction of the earth's motion is  $9^{\circ}86^{\circ}$  per hour, and when travelling with the rotation  $10^{\circ}42^{\circ}$  per hour. The mean value of these two averages gives a velocity of transmission of  $10^{\circ}14^{\circ}$  per hour, which corresponds to 701 miles an hour, only differing by 12 miles an hour from General Strachey's result. Next as to the time when the explosion took place according to these figures. First divide the distance of Stonyhurst from Krakatoa reckoning from E. to W. or  $105^{\circ}4'$ ,

<sup>1</sup> The distances, times of passage, and hourly rates have been taken from General Strachey's Tables, in the portion of the report for which he is responsible.

by the deduced velocity of the wave per hour, and the result will give the number of hours the wave took on its journey to Stonyhurst. The quotient is  $10^h\ 24^m$ . But the first depression on the photographic curve is marked at  $13^h\ 55^m$ , deducting  $10^h\ 24^m$  from this, we find  $3^h\ 31^m$  G. M. T. as the time when the disturbance occurred at Krakatoa. Performing the same operations in the case of the W. to E. journey, the result is  $2^h\ 39^m$  G. M. T. Taking the average of these two values,  $3^h\ 5^m$  is the value. But the times of the passage have in all cases been reckoned by means of the well-marked peak on the barograms, which furnishes a very good fiducial point. The first effect, however, was a rise of the mercury column, and allowing 36 minutes as the interval between the two phenomena, we must deduct this time from our result. This gives  $2^h\ 29^m$  as the time of the grand explosion, differing by 27 minutes from the time as derived by General Strachey. But when we remember that Stonyhurst is more than 7,000 miles distant from Krakatoa, and that before the wave reached the barometer at this station, many disturbing influences may have arisen in the atmosphere, the accordance is sufficiently close. At least it is hoped that a particular example may elucidate the matter for the general reader. As the transmission of the wave was not uniform in all directions, as shown by the data from various observatories, General Strachey worked out his results from the curves furnished by the six stations which more immediately surround the volcano, viz., Calcutta, Zi-Ka-Wei, Bombay, Melbourne, Mauritius, and Sydney; as it was deemed unlikely that the contour of the wave would have been disturbed before its first passage over these less distant places. As a final point we may call attention to the fact, that the waves travelled faster when with the direction of rotation of the earth, than when moving in the opposite sense. This difference amounts to about twenty-eight miles per hour, and can be accounted for by supposing that a westerly current of wind of fourteen miles per hour was blowing along the paths of the waves, a not at all unlikely supposition, as the general direction of the wind would have been westerly.

To pass now to the effects observed in the sky subsequent to the eruptions of May and August, 1883, it must be remarked at the outset, that the same appearances which persisted with such intensity after the great outburst in August were also in a less degree witnessed after that of the preceding

May. These phenomena were of three kinds, first the partial obscuration and abnormal colouration of the sun, secondly, a halo or corona seen round the sun for at least three years, and thirdly the splendid sunsets which were the wonder of the greater part of the globe during the winter of 1883-84, all of which we shall give reasons to prove, were the effects of the projection of a great cloud of dust into the upper reaches of the atmosphere by the violent eruption of the mountain of Krakatoa. And first with regard to the coloured suns. The observations are as follows. After the explosion of the 27th of August, to omit the sporadic appearances after the May outburst, the sun in the immediate neighbourhood of Krakatoa was seen to be considerably dimmed in lustre, and to shine with a pale silyery light. A little further removed from the mountain, as at Telok Betong, the sun assumed a coppery hue. Still further off, but yet not beyond the tropics, as at Batavia, Ceylon, Labuan, Cape Coast Castle, Bangalore, Madras, and other places, it was seen to be blue or green. An observation at Batavia deserves to be recorded, namely, that the sun shone with a green light on the 27th of August, "on emerging from the smoke and cloud of the eruption." The Alpine traveller Whymper relates that, in an eruption of Cotopaxi, which he witnessed from Chimborazo sixty-five miles away and at an altitude of sixteen thousand feet, when the ash and dust cloud commenced to intervene between himself and the sun, it shone with a vivid green lustre. The colour of the sky also changed from a verdigris-green to extreme blood-red, and this again to a coppery hue, all which changes "had obvious connection with the varying densities of the clouds of ash that passed."<sup>1</sup>

As it is well known, the white light of the sun when analyzed by a glass prism, is found to be composed of the seven colours of the rainbow, forming the solar spectrum. Moreover, various substances in less or greater degree, have the property of cutting out or absorbing one of more of these colours, or particular parts of the spectrum, in which case the absorption is said to be selective, or if the whole of the spectral rays be stopped, it is said to be general. The selective absorption of the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere, for instance, causes among others several dark lines or images of the slit near the line D, called the "rain-band," while dry air gives an absorption band on the other side of the same line D. Again the well-known groups

<sup>1</sup> Report, p. 214, quoted from *Knowledge*, March 14, 1884.

of lines A and B have been proved by the researches of Egoroff and Janssen to belong to oxygen existing in the atmosphere of the earth. The sun in setting on the horizon looks red, because shining through a deep stratum of air containing aqueous vapour, the whole of the spectrum is cut off except the red. The molecules of aqueous vapour therefore are capable of stopping the blue end of the spectrum, and letting through the red, a fact we shall have occasion to refer to subsequently. Moreover aqueous vapour also contains molecules, which under certain conditions are capable of stopping the red itself. And more than this, extremely small dust particles enjoy similar properties, the smaller of the particles stopping the blue and the larger the red. In the case of the blue and green suns observed near Krakatoa and in tropical regions, all that can be affirmed with certainty, is that the absorbing matter was competent to stop the red and violet ends of the spectrum, and let through the green. As the sun shone through deeper strata of the material, it changed from blue at the zenith, through green and yellow to total obscuration near the horizon. Professor Kiessling of Hamburg was able to artificially produce the blue colour of the sun by passing sunlight through a cloud formed of sulphate of ammonia, and it seems likely that the precise material which by absorption caused the coloured suns of the tropics, was composed of minute particles of metallic sulphides. In this connection we may note a passage in Bickmore's *Travels in the East Indian Archipelago*. Concerning the mountains of Java he writes:<sup>1</sup> "The second characteristic of these mountains is the great quantity of sulphur they produce. White clouds of sulphurous acid gas continually wreath the crests of these high peaks. . ." The first point then to notice in our inquiry is that the finer matter projected from the vent of Krakatoa was capable of absorbing the red of the solar spectrum and of transmitting the blue and the green.

The next phenomenon to remark upon is that of the corona which on every fine day was to be seen surrounding the sun from its rise to its setting, and occasionally, when the circumstances were favourable, even round the moon.<sup>2</sup> This halo has

<sup>1</sup> Loc. cit. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> Stonyhurst College Observatory, Meteorological and Magnetic Reports, 1883 and 1884. The corona round the moon in 1884 was seen on Aug. 4, Sept. 1, 4, 5, 6, 26, Oct. 1, Nov. 3, 7, and Dec. 3, 4. The moon was seen green in 1883, and that not merely as an effect of contrast, but by observers who had not previously looked at the pink clouds.

been persistently watched at Stonyhurst for over four years, for although much fainter in 1886 and 1887 than heretofore, it was still easily traceable. It was first reported from Honolulu by the Rev. S. E. Bishop on Sept. 5, 1883, and was named after him Bishop's ring. The following description of this ring is from the Stonyhurst Observatory Report for the year 1883, and agrees well with the observations of others. "During the day the sun is invariably surrounded by an intense silvery brightness slightly tinged with green, and at a distance of about  $20^{\circ}$  from the sun, this tint sometimes changes gradually into a pink or pale violet, and fades away at about  $45^{\circ}$ . . . . An orange tinted haze, extending about  $40^{\circ}$  from the moon was also seen on several nights towards the middle of December." This continued during the whole of 1884 and 1885, it being remarked that, "sometimes it was merely a light silvery glow without any warmth of tint." In 1886 "it diminished very much in intensity," and "it was often so faint that no trace could be detected, except when the sun was near the horizon." In 1887 it could hardly be said to have disappeared, but could only be traced as a peculiar white haze to a distance of about  $10^{\circ}$  from the sun. Let it be remarked that this corona was best seen from great altitudes, thus proving that its formation was independent of the dust particles which fill the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere over the whole globe, as also of the ice spicules which are observed in the upper air. It was without doubt a diffraction ring, and from the order of the colours being from violet to red, and not from red to violet as in a halo. It is most easily explicable on the supposition that it was formed by dust particles, and by dust particles of an extreme minuteness, probably about  $00006$  of an inch in diameter. Again the dust of Krakatoa seems to be the cause of this other sky phenomenon. So far then our conclusions are these, that dust caused the solar corona, and that this dust was an absorber of red light.

We now turn to the consideration of the wonderful twilights or "after-glowes" of the latter part of 1883 and the following year, which exceeded in brilliancy and duration ordinary twilights, even the most beautiful, exciting the admiration of all who beheld them. And first a word as to ordinary twilight, the light which shortens the long nights of northern latitudes, the yearly number of hours twilight at the poles and the equator being according to Mädler, two thousand three hundred and seventy, and eight hundred and fifty-two

respectively. It is caused by the light of the sun reflected, and in a less degree refracted, to an observer on the earth, by the aqueous vapour and minute solid particles which are everywhere present in the air; reflected by such particles after our luminary has himself dipped below the horizon. The portion of the atmosphere from which this reflected light is received, can easily be found by drawing two tangent planes to the surface of the earth, one at the point at which the observer is stationed and embracing his horizon, and the other through the sun, the which being extended, forms the boundary of the earth's shadow. As the sun sets, this second plane will rise, that is, the shadow of the earth begins to rise in the east as the sun sinks in the west. The lenticular portion of the sky embraced between these two planes is the part of the atmosphere which reflects the rays of the sun to the observer. It becomes gradually less and less as the sun gets lower and lower, the end of twilight generally occurring when the sun is  $18^{\circ}$  below the horizon. But if this lenticular portion of the sky be itself of great brightness, it may act by a second reflection in a similar manner to the sun, and so a second twilight, sometimes to be seen, is produced.

To apply these considerations to the beautiful sunsets of 1883. Concomitantly with them there was observed during the day, over a large extent of the globe, a peculiar whitish haze, generally uniform, though at times broken up into detached cloud-like masses, and streamers. As long as the white haze continued, the glows were seen, when the conditions of the air were such as to show the haze best, the glows appeared the most brilliant. What more reasonable conclusion than that the haze and glow were related one to the other as cause and effect? And if so, seeing that one particular in which the after-glowes of 1883 differed from ordinary sunsets, was in their extraordinary duration, for instance, at Stonyhurst on December 16th, lasting from 3.49 to 5.50 p.m., it seems fair to infer that the haze was composed of highly reflective particles, furnishing the requisite favourable conditions for the secondary twilight. But further evidence is needed to establish this point, and it is furnished by a consideration of the colours and position of the glows.

And first with regard to their position. Observers of these glows could not fail to be struck by the fact, that the strong illumination was confined to a narrow band, occupying the part

of the sky between the horizon, near where the sun set, and the zenith, while not unfrequently the sky towards the north and south remained of the usual blue colour. Without doubt it has happened to the majority of our readers to watch the sun setting over the sea, and they must have noticed a band of golden sheen reflected from the bosom of the ocean, but of narrow limits, not extending very far on either side of a vertical plane drawn through the sun and the eye of the observer. Instead of the rippling water-waves there hangs in the sky, high up in its topmost reaches, a sea of minute glassy and highly reflective dust particles. Evidently the similarity is complete, and the chief illumination derived from the rays of the sun, now below the horizon, ought to be, as indeed it was, confined to a narrow well-defined band.

But the abnormal colours of the glows will lend still further corroborative evidence. In ordinary sunsets, a series of coloured bands are usually arranged parallel to the western horizon, roughly following the order of colours in the solar spectrum, a red band being nearest the horizon, while a purplish or pinkish light appears by reflection in the east over the earth's shadow. For just as the rays from the sun himself, when he approaches the horizon, are reflected in dazzling splendour from distant windows in the east, so the red band would in its turn be similarly reflected and scattered in all directions by the dust particles present in the lower reaches of the atmosphere, the result being a purplish glow in that direction. The sun sinks lower and lower below the horizon, the glow moves upwards, passes the zenith, and is seen at length in the west in all its glory, forming the crown to the horizontal bands of colour below it. In its turn it arrives at the horizon, spreading out at the same time to the north and south, and forms the first red sunset. Under very favourable circumstances, as noted before, it is evident that the red glow would itself act as a source of light to the reflecting particles in the atmosphere, and would give rise to a second red sunset. The same of course is true with regard to the other coloured layers of the first sunset bands, only it must be remembered that aqueous vapour is a great absorber of all colours except red, and again, that to form the first red sunset in the west, supposing it to have been caused mainly by reflection, the rays of the sun would have had to traverse the entire atmosphere nearly three times, while for a second glow the number would be increased

to five. The consequence would be, that the reflected greens and yellows would be considerably dimmed and reddened in tint, and the prevailing colour would be red. In the beautiful sunsets of 1883, what was most striking to even a casual observer, beyond their long duration, was the intense redness of the glow, so that the colours of an ordinary sunset seemed to be inverted, and to extend from red downward. But bearing in mind that the lower atmosphere lets through the red light, and that the dust stratum, as we have seen when discussing the green suns, lets through the green and stops the red,<sup>1</sup> the unusual colouration of the glows under consideration can be best explained, on the supposition that a highly reflective stratum of dust particles was suspended in the higher reaches of the terrestrial atmosphere. What ought to have been the order of colours under this supposition? First, when the sun approached the horizon, the direct rays would be shining through the maximum thickness of the stratum, and this stopping the red, he would have appeared less red or yellow than usual. The rays would then be reflected from suitably placed particles in the east, but would first have had to pass through the whole stratum of the earth's atmosphere, and so the reflected green would be somewhat neutralized in tint. The green arc would now pass overhead, where the blue would mix with it, dimming it somewhat, but in the west it would be tolerably bright, and a green band would be the result, followed in turn by the yellow, orange, and pink.<sup>2</sup> The pink glow would also be reflected in the east, pass across the zenith, and appear brightly in the west. This would be the end of the first sunset. But in our supposed case of a highly reflective medium being suspended in the atmosphere at a great elevation, the conditions are highly favourable for a second reflection. And it is clear that the rays having now to pass through a very much greater proportion of middle and lower atmosphere, the reflected yellows and greens, themselves caused by reflection from minute particles, would suffer considerably by the absorption of the air, while the red alone would have the best chance of being transmitted. Therefore orange and deep red ought to have

<sup>1</sup> Another evidence of this fact was furnished to observers of the total eclipse of the moon on October 4, 1884. The usual coppery light was entirely absent, the complete blotting out of the moon being altogether extraordinary.

<sup>2</sup> This subject is most ably treated in the Krakatoa Report by the Hon. Rollo Russell.

been the characteristics of the second after-glow. This last colour would also have been more brilliant on account of the greater surrounding darkness when it appeared, and through its being less mixed with other colours. Such is the order of colours which our supposition demands, and such were the colours that were actually observed. "Four colours in particular have been noticeable in these after-glowes, and in a fixed order of time and place—orange, lowest and nearest the sundown; above this and broader, green; above this, broader still, a variable red, ending in being crimson; above this a faint lilac. The lilac disappears; the green deepens, spreads, and encroaches on the orange; and the red deepens, spreads, and encroaches on the green, till at last one red, varying downwards from crimson to scarlet or orange, fills the west and south."<sup>1</sup>

Thus we may conclude that the main factors<sup>2</sup> in the production of the wondrous sunsets of 1883, were selective absorption of the sun's light, and reflection of the same, by a stratum of highly reflective glassy particles suspended in the upper atmosphere, aided by the enhanced effects of the ordinary absorption of the lower atmosphere.

Moreover, the dust particles which fell on board the *Arabella*, 1,100 miles away from Krakatoa, and the dust artificially produced by pounding pumice-stone from the same volcano in a mortar, bear a striking resemblance to one another when examined under the microscope, and are just such minute glassy particles as would be required to cause the glows above described.

Another very strong link in the chain of evidence is furnished by the consideration of the dates on which the glows and kindred phenomena first appeared in various localities of the globe. It has been ascertained that the coloured suns were seen over a broad belt stretching right round the earth 11° on either side of the equator, that the sky haze also travelled from east to west at a mean rate of seventy miles an hour twice round the globe, while the after-glowes appeared in a zone stretching 5° on either side of the region of coloured suns, where presumably the haze was less dense. The order of the dates show without the shadow of a doubt that these appearances all originated in the neighbourhood of the Sunda Straits.

Again, the calculated height of the sky-glowes, about 121,000

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Rev. Gerard Hopkins, in *Nature*, January 3, 1884.

<sup>2</sup> We say main factors, because we have altogether disregarded, for the sake of simplicity, the effects due to diffraction.

feet above the earth, calculated on the supposition that they were due to reflection, agrees with the observed height of the dust cloud when being ejected from the vent of the volcano. In the observations of Captain Thomson of the *Medea*, this latter was estimated on August 26th, to have reached to an altitude of about nineteen miles or 100,320 feet, while after the great explosions of August 27th, some of the larger materials shot out from the crater, were found as far away as at Katimbang, distant thirty miles from the mountain, so that according to Mr. Verbeek they probably attained a height of thirty-one miles before falling.<sup>1</sup>

Nor must the amount of dust required for such a reflecting stratum to exist in a belt drawn right round the globe, nor again the length of time it remained suspended, afford any difficulty to the acceptance of our these. For to the first objection a ready answer is furnished by the fact, that dust is reported to have fallen on several vessels at sea from August 27th to September 6th, as for instance on the *Scotia* when 3,313 miles away from Krakatoa, which vessels represent an area of 1,100,000 square miles<sup>2</sup> of the earth's surface as receiving the volcanic dust. Supposing the dust to have been only  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch thick, the result is the huge amount of three and half cubic miles. And if the grosser particles were the first to fall, it is not too much to conclude that sufficient ultra-microscopical particles remained suspended to cause all the observed effects. Next, as to the length of time the dust remained in the upper air. The rate of fall of very small particles is modified by their size, their density, and the viscosity of the medium in which they float. It is a matter of daily experience, that the motes which dance in a beam of sunlight admitted into a darkened room, do not fall to earth with any observable rapidity. What then of microscopical particles projected to a height of 120,000 feet? Years would be required for their fall. And in fact, the calculated heights of the sky-glowes, show that the fall between August 1883, and June 1884, was from 121,000 to 64,000 feet. Moreover, we have altogether omitted from our reckoning any account of electrical repulsion, which is supposed, by no less an authority than Mr. Preece, to have had considerable influence in maintaining the particles in a state of suspension for so long a time. And Mr. Crookes, too, experimentally succeeded in getting two pieces of gold-leaf to repel one another, in a very high vacuum,

<sup>1</sup> Report, p. 379.<sup>2</sup> Report, p. 448.

for no less a time than thirteen months, without loss of charge. Hence we must conclude in the words of the report<sup>1</sup> "that we have ample grounds in favour of the theory that the finer dust which was ejected by Krakatoa into the loftier regions of the atmosphere would be suspended there for *at least two years*."

Lastly, the eruption of Krakatoa is not by any means the only volcanic outburst which has been followed by world-wide atmospheric effects. A long list of such analogous cases is given in the Report which furnishes the subject of our review. The most striking of these occurred in the years 1783, the date of the great eruption of Skaptar Jökull in Iceland, and 1831, when Graham's Island was raised up in the Mediterranean. On the former occasion a dry fog or haze covered Europe for several months, causing the sun to appear ruddy, and at times partially obscuring it. In 1831, the atmospheric effects closely resembled those of 1883, there being prolonged and very beautiful red and yellow sunsets.

Such an accumulation of evidence can leave no doubt on an unbiased mind, that wonderful though it may seem, yet in fact it was the case, that a volcanic eruption in a small island off the coast of Java, was the cause of magnificent sunsets in countries as far away as England.

A. L. CORTIE.

<sup>1</sup> Loc. cit. p. 452.

## *May we shoot a Burglar?*

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WE have just passed through a burglary season of more than usual activity, and seen in the newspapers various opinions as to our rights of self-defence against unwelcome nocturnal visitors. It may be of interest to consider the matter, both from a legal and a moral point of view, for the purpose of ascertaining what our rights as Christian citizens may be; and of comparing the legal with the moral aspect of the matter. For, as Lord Coleridge, C.J., remarked in a recent case,<sup>1</sup> "Though law and morality are not the same, and many things may be immoral which are not necessarily illegal; yet, the absolute divorce of law from morality would be of fatal consequence."

We hope to show, that in the present instance, although the law is not quite in harmony with the best moral teaching, yet, for practical purposes, there is no great divergence between them.

What then is the law on the subject? From Semayne's case<sup>2</sup> we learn that "the house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose; and that, although the life of a man is a thing precious and favoured in law, yet, if thieves come to a man's house to rob him, or murder, and the owner or his servants kill any of the thieves in defence of himself and his house, it is not felony and he should lose nothing (by forfeiture)."

Amongst the principal cases which justify or excuse<sup>3</sup> the infliction of death are, the Prevention of Crime and Private Defence.<sup>4</sup> These two heads are necessarily very closely connected; for the owner of a house who is engaged in a contest with burglars, may be regarded, either as preventing crime, or, as defending himself and his property.

<sup>1</sup> *The Queen v. Dudley*, L.R. 14, Q.B.D. at p. 287.      <sup>2</sup> 5 Coke, 91 b.

<sup>3</sup> The distinction between justifiable and excusable homicide is now unimportant.

<sup>4</sup> Stephen's *History of the Criminal Law*, vol. iii. p. 21.

The law is perhaps best given in East's *Pleas of the Crown*,<sup>1</sup> and is as follows: A man may repel by force in defence of his person, habitation, or property, against one who manifestly intends or endeavours by violence or surprise, to commit a known felony, such as murder, robbery, arson, or burglary. He is not obliged to retreat, but may pursue his adversary until he has secured himself from all danger; and if he kill him in so doing, it is called justifiable self-defence. But a bare fear of any of these offences, however well grounded (as, if one lie in wait to take away the other's life, unaccompanied by any overt act, indicative of such intention), will not warrant him in killing the man by way of prevention. There must be an actual danger at the time, and an actual known felony intended; "for if one come to beat another, or to take his goods, merely as a trespasser, though the owner may justify beating him so far as to make him desist; yet, if he kill him, it is manslaughter. But if the other had come to rob him, or to take his goods as a felon, and were killed in the attempt, it would be justifiable in self-defence." He then refers to the Statute of Henry the Eighth, which, however, was merely declaratory of the Common Law, and is now repealed.

As an illustration of the proposition that there is no legal right to kill a mere trespasser, we may refer to a case tried at Chelmsford in 1830.

A Mr. Moir having ordered some fishermen not to trespass on his land by taking a short cut, found one of them, whose death occasioned the trial, and others, persisting in going across. He rode up to them, and ordered them back. They refused to go, and there was evidence of angry words, and some slight evidence that the deceased threatened to strike Mr. Moir with a pole. Mr. Moir shot him in the arm, and the wound ultimately proved fatal. Before the man died, or, indeed, was supposed to be in danger, Mr. Moir avowed and justified his act, saying that, in similar circumstances, he would do the same again. His land, he said, was his castle, and as he could not, without the use of firearms, prevent the fishermen from persisting in their trespass, he did use them, and would use them again. Lord Tenterden told the jury that the prevention of such a trespass could not justify such an act, and he seems to have left to them as the only justification which on these facts could arise, the question whether the prisoner was in reasonable apprehension of

<sup>1</sup> 1 East, P.C. 271.

danger to his life from the threats of the deceased. The jury, however, after twenty minutes' deliberation, found him guilty of murder, and he was executed.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Justice Stephen meets the exact case where he says a man may put a trespasser out of his house, or out of his field by force, but he may not strike him, still less may he shoot or stab him. If the wrong-doer resists, the person who is on the defensive may overcome his resistance, and may proportion his efforts to the violence which the wrong-doer uses. If the wrong-doer assaults the person who is defending his property, that person is in the position of a man wrongfully assaulted, and may use whatever violence may become necessary for the protection of his person.<sup>2</sup>

There is also a similar distinction even where the offence attempted is a felony and not a mere trespass; for there is a difference between such felonies as are attended with force or any extraordinary degree of atrocity, which in their nature betoken such urgent necessity as will not allow of any delay, and others of a different sort, if no resistance be made by the felon. But although it seems that, as a rule, the intent to commit a felony by force must be apparent in order to justify the killing of the offender, yet, if the person killing had reasonable grounds for believing that the man slain had a felonious design against him, and, under that supposition, killed him, although it afterwards appear that there was no such design, it will only be manslaughter, or even misadventure, according to the degree of caution used, and the probable grounds of such belief.<sup>3</sup> Two well-known examples will make this clear.

In 1657 a man was indicted at Newgate upon the Statute of Stabbing of James the First. A special verdict was found, that a bailiff, having a warrant to arrest the accused, pressed abruptly into his room in order to arrest him, not mentioning his business nor saying that he was a bailiff. The prisoner snatched down a sword which was hanging in the room and stabbed the bailiff. He died of the wound. The offence was held not to be within the spirit of the Statute, but that it amounted to manslaughter at Common Law. It seems that the bailiff was unarmed, but it was thought that the defendant might reasonably have concluded from his behaviour, that he came to rob or murder him. Yet,

<sup>1</sup> See Report of Royal Commissioners on the Criminal Code Bill. Also Annual Register for 1830, vol. lxxii. p. 344.

<sup>2</sup> *History of Criminal Law*, vol. iii. p. 15.

<sup>3</sup> East, P.C.

as Mr. East points out, there was a manifest want of caution in not demanding the reason of the intrusion, "especially as some interval must have elapsed before the sword was taken down and drawn."<sup>1</sup>

In Levett's case<sup>2</sup> we have an illustration of a legally innocent killing in the time of Charles the First. We give it very much in the language in which it is reported.

William Levett and his wife being in bed and asleep, one Martha Stapleton, their servant, having procured Frances Freeman to help her about house business, about twelve o'clock at night going to the doors to let her out, thought she heard thieves at the doors offering to break them open; whereupon she, in fear, ran to her master and mistress and informed them that she was in doubt that thieves were breaking open the house door. Upon that the master arose suddenly and fetched a drawn rapier. And the said Martha Stapleton, lest her master and mistress should see the said Frances Freeman, hid her in the buttery. And the said Levett and Helen his wife, coming down, he with his sword searched the entry for the thieves: and she the said Helen espying in the buttery the said Frances Freeman, whom she knew not, conceiving she had been a thief, crying to her husband in great fear, said to him, "Here they be that would undo us!" Thereupon the said William Levett, not knowing the said Frances to be in the buttery, hastily entered therein with his drawn rapier, and being in the dark, and thrusting with his rapier before him, gave the said Frances a wound whereof she instantly died. It was resolved that it was not manslaughter, for he did it ignorantly without intent to hurt the said Frances.

Sir Michael Foster, in his *Crown Cases*, remarks that possibly it might have been better ruled manslaughter, due circumspection not having been used. But Mr. East upholds the decision, saying that it can hardly be taken that Levett saw a defenceless woman, but that the transaction happened in the dark, upon a cry of thieves, and it did not appear that the person perceived was a woman, or that there might not be more than one person; indeed the wife's words were calculated to impress the defendant with the belief that there were several. However this may have been, there is little doubt that Levett's case is good law; and it was followed as recently as 1885, at the Leeds Winter Assizes in the case of *Reg. v. Homes*.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1 East, P.C.; 273 1 Hale, 470; Fost. 299.      <sup>2</sup> 4 Croke, 538.  
<sup>3</sup> *Law Times*, March 7, 1885.

In that case the prisoner was indicted for the manslaughter of his housekeeper. It appeared that on January 13, 1885, the prisoner, who had a few days before been informed that tramps had been seen within his garden, heard a noise in his house at four o'clock in the morning. He took a revolver and went downstairs, where one barrel was either accidentally fired, or fired for the purpose of making a noise. The prisoner then returned to his room. He again went down with one of his sons, and discovered that the position of the doors had been altered since the previous night, and assumed, therefore, that someone had passed through. He twice called out, "Who is there?" and, on reaching the top of the stairs going to the kitchen, saw that there was a light; and observing a person come to the bottom of the stairs, said to his son, "There is some one in the kitchen." He then fired and killed the housekeeper, who had risen early to attend to her household duties. The prisoner had no reason to suppose that she was there; he had seen her go to her room the previous night, and she did not generally rise till 7.30. The learned Judge admitted the force of Levett's case, which was cited by counsel for the defence, and said he should ask the jury whether the shooting was intentional. If it was intentional, then had the prisoner reasonable grounds for supposing that the person in the kitchen was a burglar? If he had such reasonable grounds, and fired, he should, on the authority of Levett's case, direct the jury to acquit the prisoner. If, however, the prisoner, seeing someone at the bottom of the stairs, and not having reasonable grounds for believing that person to be a burglar, fired, the verdict must be manslaughter. Further, if the woman's death was the result of a reckless want of care on the part of the prisoner, he would be guilty, but the recklessness must be more than mere slight negligence.

The jury, after two minutes' deliberation, found the prisoner not guilty.

The Royal Commissioners, in their Report on the Criminal Code Bill, 1879, put it thus:

"When violence is used for the purpose of repelling a wrong, the degree of violence must not be disproportional to the wrong to be prevented, or it is not justified."

"We take one great principle of the Common Law to be, that though it sanctions the defence of a man's person, liberty, and property against illegal violence, and permits the use of force to prevent crimes, to preserve the public peace, and to

bring offenders to justice, yet all this is subject to the restriction that the force used is necessary; that is, that the mischief sought to be prevented could not be prevented by less violent means; and that the mischief done by, or which might reasonably be anticipated from, the force used, is not disproportioned to the injury or mischief which it is intended to prevent."

Sir James Stephen also, in his *History of the Criminal Law*,<sup>1</sup> says that no greater amount of force can be lawfully employed in any case, than that amount which the person who employs it regards upon reasonable grounds, and in good faith, as necessary for the attainment of his object. And he adds, that when a man acts in discharge of what, under a mistake of fact, he supposes on reasonable grounds, to be a legal duty, or, in what he supposes, on reasonable grounds, to be the defence of his person, or his house, against serious instant danger (as, for instance, if a man resisted people pretending by way of joke to rob him), his position is, generally speaking, the same as it would have been if the facts which he supposed to exist, had really existed. If, however, under a mistake of facts he uses violence, which, if the supposed facts had existed he would have been under no legal obligation to use, and which he did not believe to be necessary for the immediate protection of his life, or habitation, he acts at his peril, and, if he is mistaken, is not justified. For instance, a man shoots a person whom he supposes upon reasonable grounds to be a burglar breaking into his house, though in fact he is not. He is justified. Another man shoots a person whom he believes, on reasonable grounds, to be a felon whom he cannot otherwise arrest. He is not justified if he is mistaken. If he was a police officer, whose duty it was to arrest felons, he would be justified.

The moral view of the matter will be found in Father Joseph Rickaby's *Moral Philosophy*.<sup>2</sup> He says: "the right of self-defence even to the shedding of blood involves a mere exercise of indirect killing for a proportionately grave cause. The cause in question is the defence of your own life, or your friend's, or of some other good or possession that can weigh with life, as the honour and inviolability of your person, or a large sum of money. This must be in present danger of being taken away, otherwise than in due course of law. The danger must be present, and even imminent, not prospective."

Now this, omitting one word, seems in perfect harmony with the English law which we have been trying to state. But much

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> P. 209.

depends on the word "indirect," for in the same chapter we have a quotation from St. Thomas, telling us that it is unlawful for a man to intend (that is to elect and choose as a means) to kill another in order to defend himself. And this opinion Father Rickaby much prefers to that of Cardinal De Lugo and others, who allow killing to be directly willed in self-defence.

If, then, we may not directly intend to kill in defence of ourselves, much less may we do so in defence of our property. And this is the point where our law is out of harmony with the best school of morals.

It cannot be answered that the law does not judge of intention; because we know that an evil intent is an essential ingredient in crime, the maxim being *Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea*—the act does not make a man guilty unless his intention were so. "To constitute a crime against human laws, there must be first a vicious will, and secondly an unlawful act consequent upon such vicious will."<sup>1</sup>

This subject was elaborately discussed in a case decided by sixteen judges in the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, in 1875;<sup>2</sup> and as the point is of some interest and the case an important one, we will give a short account of it.

A statute of Her present Majesty<sup>3</sup> provides that any one who shall unlawfully take an unmarried girl under the age of sixteen out of the possession, and against the will of her father, mother, or guardian, is guilty of a misdemeanour. The prisoner had taken a girl out of the possession and against the will of her father, and in fact she was under the age of sixteen. She, however, appeared much older, and indeed had told the prisoner that she was eighteen. The jury found that the prisoner believed, and had reasonable ground for believing that she was eighteen; and that the girl went willingly. The present Lord Esher, M.R., (then Mr. Justice Brett), after a consideration of the various earlier statutes and decided cases, said "that if the facts had been as the prisoner believed them to be, and had reasonable ground for believing them to be, he would have done no act which has ever been a criminal offence in England; he would have done no act in respect of which any civil action could have ever been maintained against him." His lordship came to the conclusion that the maxim as to *mens rea* was

<sup>1</sup> *Blackstone's Commentaries*, 1st edition, vol. iv, p. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *Reg. v. Prince*, L.R. 2 C.C.R. 154.      <sup>3</sup> 24 and 25 Vict. c. 100, s. 55.

applicable, whenever the facts which were present to the prisoner's mind, and which he had reasonable grounds to believe and did believe to be the facts, would, if true, make his act no criminal offence at all; and that the mistake of facts which appeared in the present case was a valid excuse. The other fifteen judges, however, held that it constituted no defence, and that the prisoner had been rightly convicted. They were of opinion that the object of the statute was the protection of women and the guardians of young women, and that any one who unlawfully, that is, without lawful cause, removed a young woman from the custody of her father, must take the consequences if she proved to be under the statutable age. The act of taking her away from her father was in itself wrong, and the legislature meant that it should be at the risk of the taker whether or no she was under sixteen.<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding that the girl went willingly, the prisoner was aiding and abetting her in doing an unlawful act, since the father was entitled to her custody up to the age of twenty-one.

We cannot help thinking that the opinion of Mr. Justice Brett was far more in accordance with the moral view of the matter, than that of the majority of the court. But be this as it may, the case clearly shows that a man must have the intention of doing a criminal act, or at least an act which, if not criminal, is yet wrong in itself, before he can be found guilty of a crime. Often, it is true, the intention to break the law is inferred from the nature of the act done, or from the form of the statute creating the offence; "but even here it is open to the prisoner to rebut the *prima facie* evidence, so that, if in the end, the jury are satisfied that there is no criminal mind, there cannot be a conviction in England for that which the law considers to be a crime."

We see, then, that there is no doubt whatever that the law does regard intention. Before our burglar can be shot at, it must be reasonably clear that he enters the house with a

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Justice Stephen, (*Digest Criminal Law*, art. 34, on Ignorance of Fact), says "an alleged offender is in general deemed to have acted under that state of facts which he in good faith, and on reasonable grounds believed to exist, . . . provided that, when an offence is so defined by statute, that the act of the offender is not a crime unless some independent fact co-exists with it, the court must decide whether it was the intention of the legislature that the person doing the forbidden act should do it at his peril, or that his ignorance as to the existence of the independent fact, or his mistaken belief in good faith and on reasonable grounds that it did not exist, should excuse him."

felonious *intent*: why then should it not be required that the shooter should not have the intent to kill, but only to stop him? The reason no doubt is, that in most cases, the inquiry would be too minute, and would certainly lead to difficulties where the burglar happened, without any direct intention of killing on the part of the owner of the house, to be shot in a vital part; for though it is true that the law looks at intention, yet, it can regard it only as shown by outward acts.

Again it cannot be answered that as in law every man is *prima facie* taken to intend the necessary, and even the natural and probable consequences of his own acts, therefore, all that the law does, when it sanctions the killing of a burglar, is to authorize the owner of the house to shoot him, although the *probable* result will be his death; for without doubt the law goes further, and allows the direct intention to take life where the injured party is of opinion, on reasonable grounds, that nothing short of this can save him or his property.<sup>1</sup>

We see, then, that to a great extent the law agrees with morality—thus it requires the danger to be present, and not either past or merely likely to occur; the act to be prevented must not be a mere trespass, or a felony without violence, but something much more alarming and dangerous; and it is only when, to a man of common sense, no other means of averting the evil seems possible, that he may shoot his adversary. The one point at which there is a divergence between the legal and the moral view, is the intention of the mind; and here the law seems to consider it better to allow a direct intention to kill, than to attempt an investigation into a man's heart which in most cases it would be impossible to carry out.

We would venture to submit, therefore, that we, as Christian citizens, are at liberty, if ever we are brought face to face with a desperate looking burglar at the bottom of the staircase, to avail ourselves of our legal rights, so far as outward acts are concerned; only taking care not to desire, or aim at, his death, but only to wish to disable him. If he is killed, it cannot be helped, and we lament it. The thought in our mind was to stop, not to kill, and we should have been most thankful if the man's death had not been the result of our act, which was necessary in order to defend our life, or any large amount of property.

W. C. MAUDE.

<sup>1</sup> See Stephen's *Digest of the Criminal Law*, arts. 199 and 200.

## *Olympias.*

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### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE EMPEROR'S END.

WHEN Phidias reached his own quarters, he ordered his slave to tell Theodore to meet him in the palace gardens as soon as he should return. Then he changed his apparel, and arming himself, repaired to the shades of the sycamore and olive.

As he walked up and down, his eyes bent on a scroll, he seemed more like a peripatetic philosopher than one who was an intriguing traitor. Yet if any one had looked over his shoulder he would have seen that the scroll was upside down, and he would have discovered it was no learned lore that brought the feverish flush of triumph to his brow and the nervous trembling to his fluttering hands. The merry carol of a blithesome voice roused him from his reverie. He hastily secreted the scroll and quickened his steps to meet the singing youth, who approached with the light, airy tread of one who ever dwelt on the confines of fairy-land.

"The oppression at Court has not touched you, my friend," remarked Phidias, as he took Theodore's arm and led him down a secluded path. "Your light-heartedness is to be envied; it endows you with perpetual youth."

A peculiar expression flitted across the face of the younger man, a pitiful plaintive look as of a soul bright on the surface, like a jewel thrown into the water, that flashes and disappears.

"All things are evanescent," he said lightly. "I flutter from flower to flower."

"Yet there are some gardens where it is well to seek shelter in the cold, cruel winter."

"Do not talk of winter," cried Theodore, shuddering. "I love warmth, soft sunshine, and sweet flowers; no care, no thought, no pain. Such should be my life, such my death; a ceasing to be and nothing more."

As he spoke Phidias changed his plans. This youth was no courtier to be entrusted with a deep laid scheme. He was but a golden-haired boy, full of a childish petulance and timid, shrinking from danger or pain. He could not make him an accomplice, but could he use him as a tool?

"Death is not for you to think of," he said; "your life is laid out in pleasant paths. Smiled on by the Prince, favoured by Olympias, what is there that you may not hope for? To-day I have to tell you of another token of Imperial partiality. To-morrow night you are to watch by the Emperor's bedside, clad in your glittering armour, sword in hand, and helmet on your head. You are to stand beside his couch, and not to speak even if in his wanderings he addresses you as St. Michael. Then frown sternly and wave your sword, but speak no word lest a life should be the consequence."

"I do not like it," said Theodore, "gloomy chambers and midnight watchings are not for me. The presence of a dying man fills me with dread."

"Tush, boy," said Phidias, impatiently, "you are fanciful as a love-sick girl. You little know what distinctions you will gain by rendering so trifling a service."

"It must be fraught with peril or I should not have been chosen," observed Theodore, sagely.

Phidias was perplexed. Was it cunning or instinct which invariably led this child of nature to divine what he was not meant to know?

"You say you shrink from danger," said Phidias, with much emphasis, "so seek to know no more, lest your peace of mind be disturbed. Rest assured of the fact that it is for the good of the country which you and Olympias so dearly prize. The danger rests with me, the glory will fall on you. But my country bids me suffer. I am ready at the call." This patriotic sentiment sounded strange from the lips of the wily courtier.

"Is that the real motive of your actions?" inquired Theodore, looking puzzled.

"Believe me, yes. We elders love our country as deeply as you, though we betray not the emotions of our soul. Do you not believe me?"

He gave him a subtle piercing glance. Theodore tossed back his head with a boyish gesture of impatience, as if seeking to throw off something that galled him. An attendant came for Phidias, and he was obliged to go. Theodore remained,

but his peace of mind was disturbed. There was a sound among the bushes and Theodore started like a frightened steed and stood quivering, chained to the spot.

"You are but a sorry warrior," said Sebas, grimly. "I wonder that residence in a Court has not taught you at least to conceal your emotions better."

"You did not come to tell me that," said Theodore, with soft frankness, "rather you came to upbraid me and overwhelm me with reproaches."

There was something truly loveable in the artlessness of his tone. Theodore had never prepared a speech in his life; he always acted on the spur of the moment. In spite of himself the rugged heart of Sebas was touched. Theodore continued:

"You have been sent to inquire, is it not so?"

"We want to know," replied Sebas, "what you have done towards the sacred end? Know that treachery is rewarded by the poisoned cup."

Yet his voice softened as he gazed on the joyous boy and pictured him before a stern tribunal quaffing the deadly draught, after which he would smile no more. He listened almost anxiously for him to vindicate himself.

"What more could I have done?" asked Theodore. "I have ingratiated myself with the prince, I am a favourite in the royal household, and have the free entrance of the royal apartments."

"But what has it all led to?" interrupted Sebas, impatiently. "Where are the partisans you have gained to our cause? Where is the money you have obtained for our country?"

"Partisans are not wanting," replied Theodore, with a low laugh of triumph. "What do you say to Phidias, Sebas?"

"Phidias, are you sure?" and Sebas stared in amazement.

"He told me as much to-night. Two days from hence and money shall be forthcoming. A change will take place which will prove my fidelity and strengthen our beloved cause."

Sebas eyed him keenly.

"Make no error, one fatal step and we are all ruined."

"Of his own free will has Phidias assumed the post of danger. I but reap the reward."

"Needless to say you have secured the place of safety," said Sebas, shortly; "pain you abhor, trouble you fain would shirk. I leave now, but remember you are watched and will have to make your words good."

A foreboding of evil ran through Theodore's frame, as the huge, swarthy man disappeared among the trees and left him free for a time, but only for a time.

As an animal cares for its own preservation, and by instinct often eludes man's art, so Theodore seized on the means most likely to secure his safety, intending to make his words truth.

It was but a flashing gleam which enabled him to baffle the keen penetration of his associate, and now he worked it out clearly. He must agree to fall in with the wishes of Phidias and consent to spend the night at the Emperor's bedside, for which he would compound for a sum of money. This money he would hand straight over to Demetrius for the good of the cause.

Then having Phidias in his power by reason of their joint secret he would use every means to make him join their band, pointing out the advantages he would gain for doing so. So sanguine was he of his success as a diplomat that he quite longed for the night on which he was to enter upon his new rôle. The evening came.

The failing Emperor lay on his bed of state. Over him was a purple canopy fringed with gold. The fretted ceiling was richly painted with arabesques. Graceful nymphs, sportive cupids, trailing flowers looked down on the wasted form so helpless and so wan. The owner of all this Imperial magnificence lay as powerless to retain or grasp it as the veriest infant in the land.

Aromatic lamps burned dimly by him ; the air was heavy with a sickly perfume which deadened the brain while it soothed the senses. His head lay back on softest pillow ; his pallid hands were stretched out on the silken coverlet. Slaves moved noiselessly to and fro like dark shadows come to fetch the soul. No sound was heard in the Imperial death-chamber save the rustle of Irene's garment as she knelt by her husband's bed-side. She gazes as if awe-struck on him, the partner of her joys and sorrows, whom she knows, expects, nay, hopes never to see alive again. If not by her own act, at least by her instigation, the life-blood is to cease to flow in his veins and the limbs are to stiffen to the rigidity of death. She is frightened, but not remorseful, at the wickedness of her deeds. She stays, calmly kneeling, numbed into apathy, but with no wish to draw back if she could.

There is a movement ; she looks up. It is only Anna, who

steals softly into the room and stands by the bed, gazing sadly on him who alone has loved her truly. The hard look fades from her eyes ; a dim mist gathers in them ; she bends and kisses his brow, and tenderly takes one of the withered hands in hers. His eyes open, and for one instant gleam with fatherly affection, then they close again, the ashy paleness once more creeps over the face and all is still—still already as the grave.

She moves slowly away, tearing up some manuscript, the last pages of that work he had so proudly watched, and the reading of which had relieved much of the tedium of his illness. He would never hear the end now ; he was resting, and she must let him rest.

She glided out of the chamber, and stillness again reigned around, broken only by the irregular breathing of the dying man. The Empress buries her face in her hands and prays ; she knows not for what. A peculiar sensation takes possession of her. The room seems rapidly filling with airy phantoms, who range themselves round the bed, casting reproachful glances at the wretched wife. To her overstrung nerves they seem to be carrying the Emperor away ; she clutches at the bed-clothes to prevent herself from falling.

Is she going mad, for what is this she sees ? The leader of the host arrayed in sparkling armour stands mute and motionless at the foot of the bed, and a gleaming sheen seems to surround his form with a mysterious terror. Her husband sees him too, for he calls him by his name.

"Will he never go ?" he mutters, fearfully. "The piercing eyes of St. Michael read my inmost heart. Why do you torment me thus ? Soon will my soul be in your power ; why rack my mind during my short stay on earth ?"

He pulled the bed-clothes convulsively ; his glazed eyes were fixed with a vacuous stare on the glittering form. The figure slowly waved its sword and a hollow moan broke from the old man's lips. Big drops of sweat stood on his pallid brow.

"My sins weigh me down," he said, in faint gasps ; "but why come to remind me of my deceit, fraud, and a hundred other crimes ? Let me die in peace, for my heart is racked and my soul is full of anguish."

A few plaintive sighs followed this fragmentary speech. Irene remained rooted to the spot, speechless with superstitious dread. The slaves had disappeared, or, succumbing to the

drowsy influence of the odours, were wrapped in sleep. Yes ; she was alone, quite alone, with her dying husband and these attendant spirits.

"Yes," he said, with a sudden access of strength ; "reptiles are eating into me even while I live. O St. Michael, spare me and pardon me. See, I kneel to invoke your aid."

By a superhuman exertion he flung the coverlet from him and raised himself to his knees. But the fervour died as suddenly as it had come ; with a muffled shriek he fell backwards ; the blood gushing from his mouth, ears, and nostrils, to the terror of the kneeling Empress, whose hands and face were stained with her husband's blood.

The shriek aroused the attendants, and they hastened to give aid. But it was only a corpse over which they bent, a piece of senseless clay ; nothing more.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### SIGNING THE DEED.

THE Dirge has been sung, the Requiem chanted, the mortal remains consigned to the earth from which they sprang. The gorgeous tomb has been raised over his mouldering body ; the lights, which the piety of his wife have kindled, have all burned out ; the prayers which the priests have offered for his soul have gone up to Heaven.

The Emperor is forgotten now. Prince John has been proclaimed Emperor, and the day of his coronation is near at hand. The mourning of the Court is to be turned to joy, and their sombre raiment exchanged for one of festal hue. Yet the prospect of gratified ambition does not seem to have lightened the mind of the dark-browed John. He paces to and fro with martial regularity outside the walls, alone and undisturbed. It was not the cares of approaching sovereignty that brought deep lines of thought to his pale but firm-willed countenance. He loved Olympias, and he wished to make her Queen.

This was no new passion which had sprung up in his heart. From her first appearance at Court he had been fascinated by her beauty, by the Imperial dignity of her manner, and the high-souled sentiments which nothing could daunt or repress.

Painfully conscious of his shortcomings, he had manfully stifled the smouldering flame which sprang up all the stronger now when he had a crown to offer with his hand. Yet he wavered and trembled at the issue. His life must be replete with danger. Could he ask her, too, to share it? He thought of his personal defects, of his want of manners, his roughness, and inability to adopt smooth and devious courses, and his heart failed him lest she should scorn him as his temerity deserved. He knew how many of his subjects had been taught to view him with disdain; how comparisons had been made to his disadvantage between him and his sister, and he was well aware that she had a strong faction to support her. Life would probably be one of strife and turmoil: at all events till he had well established himself on the throne; and could he ask Olympias to move among intrigues, and fight her way through plots?

As he was debating these points with a true and tender chivalry, Phidias crossed his path, and the Prince beckoned him to approach for no other reason than that he was the father of Olympias. They were a curious contrast; the bold blunt warrior almost ruthless in his sternness, and the wily bland courtier, who lived on lies and deception.

Curiously unversed in the ways of love, John thought this man heaven-sent to solve the problem for him. He would sound the father, and see if he was likely to find favour in the eyes of Olympias.

So he unfolded the dearest wish of his heart as nervously and humbly as any low-born swain who dares to aspire to one far above him. Phidias could hardly believe his ears. Ambitious as he was, never had he dared to raise his hopes so high.

He was at that very moment engaged in an intrigue to place Anna on the throne. But his ideas suddenly underwent a change. If his daughter were crowned with a glittering diadem, his own position was secure of guide and adviser to this simple-minded Prince who knew so little of the intricacies of State government. Still his customary caution did not desert him; no muscle moved to betray his elation.

"My daughter," he said, with a deprecating gesture, "has not been submitted to much control, and though my influence will be used proudly and gladly in compliance with your Imperial wishes, gratitude for your royal condescension may be the only result of my labours."

"You think she may object to my personal appearance?" queried the Prince, bringing out the words with an effort.

"Not so," replied Phidias eagerly, "my child prizes alone the beauty of the soul. But," and his voice sank to a mournful cadence, "Olympias has always had her own way, and has adopted many strange ideas. She is proud, and may not wish to ally herself with one in rank so much above her."

"Such feelings are unworthy of her," exclaimed the Prince; "if she will deign to become my Queen, a life-long service would not be too much to testify my gratitude."

Phidias softly rubbed his hands.

"So eloquent a pleader should sue for himself," he said, "for he cannot fail of success. Yet, if Olympias is not docile to thy wishes, I will do my best, but be not angry if I fail, for who can control a woman?"

Something in this speech jarred on the noble nature of the young Emperor. He moved impatiently aside.

"Unworthy should I be, if I visited her rejection by anger against you. Your office depends not on a monarch's mood; but mark me, Phidias, a trust betrayed I never forgive. One word more, and you may leave me. I forbid you to use force to induce your daughter to listen to my suit. She must come to me willingly, or she comes not at all. Hers is a fiery nature which may break but cannot bend. I trust to her feelings, but I will have no undue exercise of parental authority."

He motioned to Phidias to withdraw, which he did after a few empty words of flattery.

"He is indeed a king," he muttered when out of hearing; "he *will* be obeyed. Why did he address those last words to me? Am I betrayed? I know not; danger stalks abroad. One must walk warily and with caution."

He pursued his way along the intricate galleries which terminated in the Princess's apartments. He found her walking up and down in a high state of agitation, two red spots of colour on her sallow cheeks. Her mother was watching with a covert glance the effect of the words she had been uttering. There was evidently some hidden link between the three. They greeted him graciously, and asked him if he had heard anything further.

"The Court is ours to a man," was his reply; "the city calls for the sway of their much-loved Princess; it wishes to be free from the harsh dominion of the warlike John. But we

must proceed cautiously ; the mazes are not easy to traverse, one false step will cause the failure of all our hopes. We must gain the army by spreading reports against his reputation."

Anna's mouth twitched spasmodically.

"Oh, Wisdom," she muttered, "to extend thy sway what base tools must I touch ? Once secure on the throne, I will discard such stained alloy, and devote all my talents in thy service."

"Your brother's seeming popularity," continued Phidias in the same silky tones, "will be but short-lived. His brusque ways and domineering manner will quickly alienate those so long accustomed to the society of our accomplished Princess, who has inherited the attractive manner of the Empress, her mother."

"And while this alienation is taking place," exclaimed Anna, feverishly, "am I to be subject to his tyranny ? Look at this order, received but an hour ago, forbidding me to hold any more literary levées till the time of mourning has expired. It is also decreed that for the future no foreigners are to attend my meetings. Do I not love the memory of the dead as much as his despot son ? Yes, but I know better than to think I pay honour to the deceased by grovelling in contented ignorance. And why should foreigners be discarded?" she went on rapidly, an unusual glitter in her grey eyes. "If they have a thirst for improvement, are they to be debarred at the word of an arbitrary despot ? I will not stand it, no, I will not stand it."

"Trust to me, Princess," said Phidias, soothingly ; "ask the Empress, if I am slow in my measures, or faithless to my promise."

There was a tone of mockery in his voice. Irene's lips grew white ; they moved, but no sound came forth. The memory of that appalling scene was with her night and day. Anna looked at her mother in surprise, but before she had time to say anything, Phidias hastily observed :

"The utmost secrecy and despatch is necessary. The fewer who know our plans the better. Indeed it would be advisable if not even *you* knew the manner in which our intention is to be carried out. Give me a document signed with your seal giving me full powers and stating my reward on condition that the obstacle is removed by a certain date. The danger shall be mine, you will reap the benefit."

The Princess wavered. She was not yet steeped in guilt, and her soul revolted from crime. But one remembrance of her brother's arbitrary act, one thought of the gallant Frank who always frequented her assemblies, and she advanced, and signed the document which Phidias had brought ready. All the signatures were there of those who swore to die in defence of her rights. She affixed her name firmly, but when it was done she staggered as if about to fall. Phidias moved a seat towards her, and having carefully secured the precious document, silently withdrew, a stealthy smile on his face. When he reached his own chamber he sat down to ponder.

"My name must be carefully erased," he mused; "or stay, I will divide the list and give half to the Emperor, that half which contains his sister's name—but not mine. By this means I shall earn his everlasting regard. I must pledge him to secrecy though, or my confederates may betray me. *He* is fool enough to believe in honour, and would die rather than break his word. With Olympias as Empress, and myself as Chancellor, I can bid defiance to those pedantic ladies, and reign supreme, with little limit to my power."

He tore the document in two, and put half in the bosom of his vest. Hearing some one coming, he thrust the remaining portion in the flames, and received with a calm unruffled brow the attendant who entered.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

IRENE and Anna remained silent for some time after Phidias had left them, each conscious that a heavy secret lay between them. It was a relief to both when Olympias came in to dispel the gloom which oppressed them.

"You are welcome, dear friend," said the Princess, looking up. "It is pleasant to see in this house of mourning one who is ever bright and has her mind at rest. Olympias, you are fortunate that you were not born to wear a crown. It but breeds dissension, and lies like a load on the heart. Against one's will it draws one to restlessness and guilt."

"There I must differ with you," said Olympias, "whatever are your perils you can keep yourself uncontaminated. Power

over yourself is a divine attribute of which none can deprive you."

"But if one encompassed with cares, and secret sorrow, succumbed to temptation, would you cast them off?" asked the Princess anxiously.

"Let them recover themselves ere it be too late," replied Olympias loftily. "When they have proved their repentance they can be re-admitted to their former friendship, not before."

"Why not?"

"Because there must be perfect equality for true affection, and such equality cannot exist when one knows that the other has sold his honour for gold, ambition, or revenge."

"You speak with scorn," said Irene, drily, "but I think, child, that love or pride could move your heart to desperate acts as easily as others."

"The good of one's country," said Anna, almost diffidently, "may require deeds from which at another time one would shrink. And you, Olympias, who breathe such noble aspirations about your native land, will you not join in a plan which, if successful, will bring peace and prosperity to Greece?"

"And the plan?" enquired Olympias, with her eyes fixed steadily on Anna's worn face.

Anna looked down: she could not stand the clear gaze of those bright eyes.

It was Irene who spoke and explained in guarded language how the State was on the verge of a rebellion, that whether she would or no, Anna would be elected Empress and that it was wiser of her to lead and so control the movement, than let her partisans wreak lawless vengeance on their foes before they gave her the reins of government.

The old Empress was specious, but her artful sophistry could not blind the noble Greek girl.

"Would you imbrue the whole land in blood for private petty ambition?" she indignantly demanded.

"Are we then to see a false, fatal policy pursued, and the foreigners who have done so much for us ungratefully expelled from the country?"

"If civil war there must be, let men conduct it, and not inexperienced women."

"As long as my brother reigns there will be war: he cannot live without such vulgar glory."

"Then let him perish," burst from Irene involuntarily, "what is one life to the good of the nation?"

"Will a mother see an assassin plunge a dagger into her son's breast and glory in the crime?" cried Olympias. "Will a sister reign in calm repose with the face of her murdered brother ever before her? Oh, Princess, if I have ever gained your favour, turn away from bloodshed and from crime."

Olympias spoke appealingly. Anna averted her gaze, but the full earnest tones went home to her heart.

"It is too late," she said, almost below her breath, "my word is pledged."

"It is well for the stainless Olympias to speak in such heroic strains," observed Irene, "but we know that ambition has also a place in her heart. The hope of one day being Queen-Consort leads her to espouse a cause so obviously one of infamy and oppression."

Olympias drew herself up to her full height, and seemed in her ripe glorious beauty to tower above her despicable companions.

"I scorn such a base suspicion," she said, in a voice full of concentrated passion and pride. "I wonder that royal lips should have uttered such a calumny. To-morrow, before the evening sky is flushed with western red, I shall be on my way to my own classic vales, where I may find some comfort in reading of those virtues which are extinct at a Court."

She walked haughtily from the room, not once looking towards her former friend, who followed her retreat with mournful eyes.

"Will she tell?" asked Irene, anxiously; "she knows too much."

"She is the soul of honour," said her daughter wearily. "Oh mother, I am sick of all this plotting and intriguing. I was far happier when absorbed in writing my beloved history."

"You cannot draw back now. Why should the wild words of an enthusiast cause you terror? Is she the soul of honour? To whom is she talking now?"

Irene pointed with a bitter laugh to the pleasaunce which their chamber overlooked. There John was standing in earnest conversation with Olympias.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## FOILED.

ANNA was startled, but not more so than Olympias herself, who had taken refuge among the flowers to strive to quell the wild tumult into which Irene's speech had cast her. She never saw the Prince till he was close to her, and then she drew back with a haughty gesture, the rich crimson flooding her face and neck.

"Do not go," he said, holding out his hand to detain her. "Your father has only just left me, and if you will listen, you shall know the purport of our conversation."

"The Emperor has a right to command his servant," she replied with cold respect.

"Do not speak in that way," he urged, trembling with emotion. "Olympias, do not deem me presumptuous if despite my uncouth ways and mien, I dare to offer myself to you, to tell you I love you, and beg you to accept my heart, my hand, my throne." His straightforward words, evidently so genuine, made Olympias regard him with admiration and respect.

But her answer was firm and proud. "I feel deeply the honour you have done me, but know, Greek weds but with Greek. A loyal Athenian would deem herself an outcast if for ambition she allied herself to one her superior in grade. Such condescension would slowly starve her life, and but fill her days with bitterness and gloom."

Her lofty humility rendered her far dearer in the eyes of the enamoured Emperor.

"Nobody," he exclaimed, in a fervent tone, "should dare to speak of condescension about one whom I have chosen for her Empress and mine."

Olympias smiled, a kind and pitying smile.

"Commands will not silence tongues, nor avert dark looks, presaging still darker deeds. I thank you, Prince, but show your love for Olympias by allowing her to remain unobserved, ever grateful, and ever your faithful subject."

She bowed profoundly and moved away. The dauntless soldier feared to follow her, and press his suit; so with a

weary sigh he betook himself to his own apartment, oppressed by the state ceremony which surrounded him.

He dismissed his attendants, and threw himself listlessly on a heap of cushions. He was so absorbed in his gloomy reverie, that twice had a knock to be repeated before he was sufficiently roused to bid the intruder enter. It was Phidias, who advanced with a furtive glance at the depressed Emperor.

"Is your business of importance?" he demanded of the latter sternly, "that you infringe my express orders, that all should be refused admittance."

"Loth am I to disturb your seclusion," said Phidias, in his most silky voice, "but necessity demands that I should consult my Sovereign's safety at the risk of incurring his displeasure. The duty I have to perform is one of so distressing a nature, that nothing but my deep devotion to your Majesty should compel me to utter words so afflicting to you as a son, a brother, and an Emperor."

"An Emperor is accustomed to brave peril," replied John, with scarce-concealed impatience. He was not in the mood for elaborate expressions of loyalty, and chafed under the smooth blandness of the wily courtier.

"You imagine that all have the same strict notions of integrity and honour as yourself," went on the soft-toned Phidias, "and it hurts me to be the one to weaken your faith and trust. But duty is duty, and after my interview with Olympias, in which she told me of her ungrateful obduracy, I am filled with grief that one who bears my name should be so blind to the favours offered."

"Do you think," interrupted the Emperor, love getting the upper hand, "that time may work in my favour? I am blunt; perhaps my manner prevented her from realizing the sincerity of my wishes, or the constancy of my heart. Time will prove my ardour and subdue that haughty delicacy which will not stoop to hearken to my petition."

"No doubt, reflection will cause her to regret, but this she will not own even to herself till some time has elapsed. If I might advise your Majesty (and my advice is grounded on a long and careful study of the female character), I would say, show her no favour, quietly allow her to withdraw from Court for a period."

"Olympias, depart!" exclaimed the Emperor aghast. "Is that her own wish?"

"Nay, more than her wish," answered Phidias, with a slight smile. "It is her *will*. Olympias rarely fails to accomplish her resolves. Allow her to go, Prince, alone in her natal hall away from the intoxicating splendour which envelopes her here, her heart will turn fondly towards one who has stooped so low as to ask her to share his throne. Then she will repent, then (for all women know how to compass their ends) she will with coy pride lure you to her side, and the game will be in your own hands."

The Emperor did not reply. He was disgusted at the sceptic's low opinion of that sex which he reverently admired, in the person of this haughty Greek maid. But despite the shiver, which the callous tones sent through his susceptible frame, he could not deny the apparent wisdom of the advice. It might be wise to follow his counsel, though he abhorred the man from whom it came.

But ere he came to a decision, Phidias began another subject.

"I must now, through fervent love and loyalty, inform you of a conspiracy afoot to deprive you of life and throne. This document came providentially into my hands, and I deliver it to you begging that you will make use of my experience, which will ever be employed to render your authority more secure and your dominion more respected and feared." He handed him the parchment as he spoke, the Emperor took it languidly, more intent on love than the broils of a turbulent nation.

Mechanically he glanced over it, but the first words arrested his attention, and throwing off the air of a rejected lover, he became in a moment the intrepid soldier, the keen, prudent general.

A momentary look of horror shone in his frank blue eyes, but no other sign did he give, as he read the plot of inhuman villainy, concocted by a mother and a sister.

And Phidias who had plotted all his life, who lived upon intrigue and feasted on deeds of darkness, Phidias the wary, the wily, surprised by the footstep of a slave, had wrought his own destruction, and the hand which had consigned to the flames the **WRONG** deed pulled down the fabric he had schemed so boldly to raise.

The document which now engaged the Emperor's attention, was one which no one had seen but Phidias, and which with infinite pains he had made the two royal ladies sign without

reading a line it contained. The first condition was, that the Princess Anna Comnena should give her hand to her faithful subject Phidias, if he by a given time should accomplish the murder of her brother the present Monarch.

Then followed a list of those who were ready to espouse her cause and engage in the enterprise. The Emperor's brow darkened, and his heart sickened, as he saw there name after name of those who had been loud in their professions of attachment to him.

But that first flash of indignant horror was all that he allowed to escape him. His countenance resumed its usual imperturbable expression, as he resolved to fight his foes with their own weapons, and take his first lesson in political cunning.

His practical mind saw in a glance the crafty statesman's aim, that he had tried to feather two nests, so that should one be plundered there would still be one left as a shelter. A wrong document had been given to him, what the right one contained he did not know, nor did he care to know.

"I thank you for your service," the Prince said at length: "the culprits shall be treated as they deserve. Now leave me; I have many things to settle, and time presses."

A cloud passed over the courtier's brow as he bowed low before his Sovereign. He did not expect his treachery to have been thus coldly received. He expected at least some expressions of thanks, his counsel invited, and a reward promised at some future date. "He suspects me," he muttered, when once more alone. "I saw it, I feel it my chance is over there. There is only one resource. He must be removed—this very night." Thus thinking, he walked into the fresh air to mature his plot.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

"DEATH HAS NO STING FOR ME."

As Phidias walked on, deep in thought, he saw at a little distance from him a youth clad in shining armour. "By my faith," he said, "you are fond, St. Michael, of parading your new accoutrements. Are you dallying with playful Eros? Has some long-tressed nymph appointed this the place of meeting?"

"I am simply enjoying the pleasure of existence," replied

Theodore, in a joyous tone. "To be able to feel, to see, to touch, is grand, when one can enjoy the sensation without using the power."

"Yet," replied Phidias, "joy is more intense when it verges on sorrow. Come to me when you are cloyed with satiety and I will initiate you into a state of things different to any you have yet experienced."

"Teach me now," exclaimed Theodore, eagerly. "I am ever ready for a fresh draught of pleasure."

"The trouble must come first, though the joy inevitably follows."

"And the trouble?" asked Theodore, somewhat downcast.

"Shall I tell the reward first?" said Phidias with a cold smile. "Theodore, I love you as a son, I have watched you closely and seen the light in your eyes when Olympias has smiled upon you, and spoken as she never speaks to any but you alone. I have seen that you only can bring a blush to her pure pale cheeks, and have noted her proud defiant eyes lower before yours in bashful timidity. Theodore, fain would I see her yours. But the jewel must be won! Pledge your word to fulfil my one behest, and the maid is yours. Is she not worth a moment's pain?"

"And the pain?" questioned Theodore, every instinct of his animal nature recoiling from the repugnant word.

"Pshaw, boy! you will not feel the pain. You have but to plunge a dagger into your rival's heart, and the fairest maid in Greece shall be yours."

"Blood will flow and pallid lips will moan, a livid face will haunt me and sad eyes follow where I go. One phantom now pursues me, an old man piteously begging for mercy, and death was the sole reply."

"But is not the prize worth it, boy? You killed the father, why save the son?"

Theodore started back in horror. "Prince John? he who has treated me as his brother. No, a thousand times no. I will never do him the slightest harm."

He drew himself up with noble pride and spoke with unmistakeable fervour.

Phidias was completely puzzled. He had thought him weak as water, but now he seemed firm as a rock. Phidias did not know all the apparent inconsistencies of nature. Gratitude was a principle, an instinct, a part of the very being of Theodore.

Weak as he might be in all other respects, in this he could not change. Their conference was here interrupted by the approach of a servant, with an order to conduct Theodore to the Emperor, and Phidias slunk away with a dull foreboding at his heart that the meshes were closing round, that he was about to be caught in his own toils.

Theodore found John pacing up and down like a caged beast. He dismissed the slave and came and put his hands on Theodore's shoulders, gazing long and earnestly into the bright face.

"All trust is going," he broke the silence by saying wearily. "Mother, sister, friends, all desert me, and I am left alone. Yet I cannot think that treason lurks in your heart. Boy, be true to me. Crowned heads suffer as subjects never can."

Theodore took one hand in both of his and kissed it reverently. "I will be true," he said simply, "do with me what you like."

"Stand by me, Theodore, and let me feel I have one who is true as steel. I must strike, and none will know the pain with which I deal the deadly blow. But enough of sentiment, action is my forte, not talking. Go, my friend, and tell the sentry not one is to leave the city. Bear this letter to my sister forbidding all those mentioned therein to leave their apartments under pain of death. I trust in you alone: do this and then return."

Theodore hastened to the captain of the guard, and gave the Emperor's mandate with the Imperial seal. Then he proceeded to the Princess' apartments. As the favoured kinsman of Olympias he was known by all, and traversed the various courts hindered by no chamberlain or comptroller.

Arrived at the ante-room he was ushered by a page into the presence of the royal ladies and their attendants. He delivered his note, and no sooner had Anna glanced at it than a shriek escaped from her whitened lips, and she fell fainting to the floor. The dowager Empress with wonderful presence of mind, sent all away but Olympias; and with her aid soon brought back to life the poor Princess.

Her first words told all. "Betrayed," she gasped, "O God, betrayed!"

"You may be wrong," said Irene, with lips as white as her daughter's. "Your fears preponderate, and you dread the worst."

"Why else should he confine us to our own private quarters?" queried Anna. "Tyrant as he is, he dare not have recourse to such a measure unless something serious had roused his ire."

She wrung her hands while she went on moaning: "Is all my fame to end in a prison? Must I die a traitor's death? Will philosophy help me to shut my eyes upon all that this world deems fair, and teach me to be grateful for the clemency which permits me to drag out my weary days in darkness and in chains? Is my name to go down to posterity blasted as a traitor? Mother, give me a knife that I may put an end to one who is deserted by all her friends in the moment of distress."

"Not all," said a clear soft voice, and Olympias kneeling by the couch took both Anna's hands in hers. "Princess, your fate is mine. I never desert a friend. Your crime I do not know, but I share the punishment whatever it may be."

"No: do not touch me," cried Anna, withdrawing from her encircling arms. "Do you know my crime is that of a would-be murderer, a fratricide, the slayer of an Emperor? Yes, spurn me for I am not worthy to breathe in your very presence!"

The wretched creature threw herself on the floor, and losing all self-control, accused her accomplices and resolutely turned from her mother whom she blamed in no measured terms.

Mortified vanity was torturing Anna most keenly; she could not bear to think of the execration of the Court. Her abject fear was despicable. "What shall I do?" she cried, "anything to avoid disgrace before the world. I will submit to anything, over and over again, if my brother will but keep this a secret."

She sprang to her feet, as if to fulfil her intention, then remembering that she was no longer free she fell back with another passionate burst of raving.

"I will go," said Olympias, rising. "I will see him on your behalf."

"But the danger," asked Anna irresolutely, selfishness predominating over every other feeling. "The consequence of infringing the Imperial mandate is death."

"So be it," was the calm reply; "neither death nor pain causes me one throb of fear."

Anna gazed on the high-spirited Greek girl with a remorseful sigh. Yet while she envied her exalted pride she acknowledged

the puerile feebleness of her own. With weak protestations she allowed the girl to depart on her errand of mercy.

Olympias met Theodore outside the Princess' chamber and greeting him with her lustrous smile, begged him to conduct her to the Emperor.

"I cannot," replied Theodore pleadingly, "his orders were imperative. You *must* not incur his wrath, or you will be in danger."

"*Must* not," replied Olympias with a flash from her dark eyes. "It is not an Emperor who will keep Olympias from a deed of loyalty to a fallen friend. Lead the way."

She made an imperious gesture with her hand, but for once he resisted her will.

"But your safety?" he said, entreatingly.

"Is in my own hands," was the cold reply. "If compassion for the guilty bids me speak, I reck little of an Emperor's wrath."

She did not wait for an answer from the still hesitating Theodore, but passing him rapidly, gained John's quarters, and by her undaunted bearing passed unchallenged the guards in the ante-chamber.

## *Reviews.*

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### I.—HENRY VIII. AND THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES.<sup>1</sup>

IT is a risky thing to publish a first volume before the second is ready, and the appearance of Dom Aidan Gasquet's second volume will have been greeted by many with a sigh of relief. It is no exaggeration to say that it would have been a national misfortune if anything had happened to hinder the completion of this book. It is the fruit of long and laborious research, and it may well be doubted whether, if a monk had not taken upon himself the labour, any historian would have been found who would have taken the necessary pains to qualify himself to write the narrative of the suppression of the Monasteries of England, as truth and justice required that it should be written. Dom Aidan has undertaken the work, and he has so done it that it will never require to be done again. It is extremely improbable that much fresh documentary evidence will in the future be brought forward that would affect the history, and the sources of information that are known at present, have been studied and used by Father Gasquet with a diligence and conscientiousness that are a delightful contrast to the flippant and jaundiced quotations of a special pleader like Mr. Froude.

Father Gasquet's book gives a complete view of his large subject, and the completeness with which the work has been for the first time done, naturally brings with it the further interest, that much that is told in it is new. The book has therefore a double claim upon the attention of historians, and it is a safe prophecy to foretell that the next writer of Mr. Green's calibre that arises, will draw from it freely, and trust it implicitly. There is a moderation

<sup>1</sup> *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries. An attempt to Illustrate the History of their Suppression.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, sometime Prior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside. Vol. II. John Hedges, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, 1889.

in Father Gasquet's language, and a judicial impartiality in his narratives and conclusions, that beget confidence in the reader. Indeed, where it is possible for him to let the tale be told in the words of the ancient writers, he wisely makes a point of doing so. This gives a quaintness and raciness to the narrative, and a sense of trustworthiness, which are well bought at the price of some prolixity.

To give a full account of the contents of this goodly volume is entirely unnecessary, for English Catholic readers will not neglect to make themselves masters of a book that throws a flood of light on one of the most obscure and distorted pages of our history. If we were to draw upon the book, it would be for the pleasure of drawing upon it, with the view of inducing any reader of ours who may be hesitating as to its purchase, to decide in favour of doing so. Catholic books of learning and research rarely pay; but it is a pleasure to see that the first volume of Father Gasquet's work is in its third edition, and the new volume in its second edition already. It would have been too bad if the heavy cost of bringing out such a book, and the fruit of years of labour, were not speedily recouped.

We have elsewhere in our present number made one of Father Gasquet's fresh contributions to history the occasion of an article on Blessed Margaret Pole and her sons. The extract from her examination is very interesting, as everything relating to such a heroine must be. But the book is full of passages of like interest, and one has but to open it at random to fall on one of them. For instance, the curious fact is here explained of how John Stokesley, Henry's subservient Bishop of London, fell under the penalties of *premunire*, for communicating with the Bishop of Rome. He had been to Syon House, at Isleworth, to profess two of the monks, and as in doing so he had used the form of profession which had been approved by Paul II., the Bishop was held to have communicated with the Pope! Paul II., be it noted, died in 1471, more than sixty years before; and this is a specimen of Henry's interpretations of his Acts of Parliament. Syon had at one time shown something of the noble spirit of the London Charterhouse, and Blessed Richard Reynolds, a priest of this house, had died a Martyr in 1535, with the Carthusian Priors. The King wanted to have a strong hold on the house, and the profession

in question was made the pretext of a *premunire* against the Bishop, the Abbess, and others, by which their property was forfeited to the King. Bishop Stokesley pleaded guilty, and the King pardoned all concerned. But among Cromwell's notes in 1539, there is this: "Touching the Monastery of Syon, the King may dissolve it by *premunire*, as he will." And Father Gasquet adds, "In December, 1539, it passed, apparently without surrender, into his possession."

Another most charming fact we cannot help culling, is the constancy of the Religious women of England, whom Henry drove from their convents. Hooper said, "England has at this time at least 10,000 nuns, not one of whom is allowed to marry." This is, according to Father Gasquet, an obvious exaggeration. "The fact is, that allowing for the four or five convents about which some uncertainty exists, there do not appear to have been more than some 1,560 Religious women in England at the time of the dissolution. Of these, more than one half, or some 850, belonged to the Benedictine Order." All honour to them for their courage and constancy! As we read Father Gasquet's narrative, it is impossible not to be struck by the way in which the nuns plead to be allowed to continue their conventional life. Still, out of the whole number, some might have been found, with heresy rampant around them, to forget the obligations of their solemn vows. But Father Gasquet gives us (p. 479) the very remarkable fact that "in the returns made by the Commissioners sent by Edward VI. to inquire into the state of the Religious pensioners, although there are a considerable number reported on, only two nuns are named as married." These two were young nuns of the same convent in Yorkshire, who, "very possibly were never professed at all."

For the whole story, including the Lincolnshire rising, and the Pilgrimage of Grace, with the admirable conduct of Robert Aske, the martyr, the deaths of the three glorious martyrs, the Abbots of Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester, the spoliation of Religion and the waste of the spoils with which courtiers were enriched and the country left the poorer,—for the narrative of the unscrupulous greed and wastefulness, we refer the reader to Dom Aidan Gasquet's attractive pages. But one single inaccuracy has occurred to us in a book crowded with detail, and Father Gasquet will,

we hope, have many a fresh edition in which to correct it. "Dr. Thornden," he says (p. 475), "became the first Dean of Christchurch, Canterbury." Dr. Thornden, afterwards Bishop of Dover, was the first of Henry's Canons when the King, to use his own unblushing words, "erected and founded" the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury. The first Dean was Nicholas Wotton, Dean also of York, whose monument defaces the beautiful Trinity Chapel, behind the high altar of the Cathedral, where the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury stood for so many centuries.

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2.—CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.<sup>1</sup>

The *Characteristics from the Writings of Archbishop Ullathorne* derive a mournful interest from the fact that their venerable and learned author has gone to receive the heavenly reward that his labours and sufferings, his earnest zeal and solid piety and noble devotion to the cause of the Church have earned for him. All who are acquainted with his writings—and what Catholic is not acquainted with at least some of them?—will acknowledge him to be not only an accurate and original thinker, a powerful writer, and an effective controversialist, but also a master of the spiritual life, and one whose personal holiness gave weight to his ascetical teachings. The subjects on which Dr. Ullathorne has written embrace most of the questions to which the attention of the religious world has been directed since his elevation to the Episcopate: the Education question, the Roman question, the Anglican theory of Re-union, the Prussian Kulturkampf, Conventional Life, are some of these. He has also published several spiritual works, such as the *Groundwork of Christian Virtues*, the *Endowments of Man*, *Christian Patience*, and others, not to mention many valuable sermons and discourses on various subjects.

A volume of characteristic passages, judiciously selected from his works by the Rev. M. F. Glancey, will furnish the reader with a comprehensive view of the whole, besides giving him an idea of the clear and sound judgment, the practical good sense, and the high standard of Christian practice which distinguished the Bishop. It will also show the views he

<sup>1</sup> *Characteristics from the Writings of Archbishop Ullathorne.* Arranged by the Rev. M. F. Glancey. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1889.

entertained on many points of general interest and importance, as for instance the management of criminals and the evils of the English system of transportation, a subject whereon few men were more competent to speak, since his personal observation, whilst working as a colonial missionary in Australia, had taught him the sad condition and moral degradation of the convict in the penal settlements of New South Wales. With regard to the use of the lash, he speaks as follows :

The old Greek spoke the sense of humanity when he said that the day which makes a man a slave takes half his worth away. But the lash drinks up the half of manhood which slavery has left him ; a flogged man is the enemy of the society which has degraded him beneath the level of man. The body may smart and recover, but the man's soul is stung, and a moral poison, noxious to the human spirit, is imbibed from the knotted cords, that rankles long in his mental constitution. (p. 145.)

The following extract is taken from one of the Bishop's pastorals :

The Church is the home of your souls. In the Church Christ is always to be found, the loving Father of your soul, your loving Entertainer, who washes your feet from the soil contracted in the world's ways, who provides for you the spiritual table, who provides for you a place of repose. The Church is the home of your souls, and wherever you go the Church spiritually follows you, and always encompasses you as with the very spirit of Christ. Even the material Church, unlike in this to your domestic home, is to be found in almost every place where you come, and have need of her ministrations. If your domestic home has enriched your heart with all your best human affections, and if there is no sacrifice which you will not make for the maintenance and protection of that home, you know that whatever is purest and most elevated in those affections, has flown into them from your spiritual home, the Church. Less importunate in its demands upon your resources, it is more venerable, it is yet more sacred, it is more enduring ; for when your earthly home knows you no more, when your body is committed to the dust, the Church, according to all your hopes and aspirations, shall be the everlasting home of your soul. (p. 33.)

We quote one more of these gems, which shine none the less because they are taken out of their setting. The subject is rash judgment.

How can any one, having the light of Christ, think any other really worse than himself? To form true judgment of any soul, we need to know the chain of all his lights from beginning to end, the chain of all

his opportunities, the chain of all his helps and graces, the chain of all his acts, thoughts, desires, and motives, and the chain of all his temptations. But what can we know of the interior history of any one except ourselves? What, again, do we know of the native interior character of any soul except our own, or of the trials of that body to that soul? We know something of the external acts of another—something, perhaps, also of his external conditions, but there our knowledge ends. We know no one by his interior and its course of life but ourselves. We have vast evidence of our own weakness and sinfulness against light and grace, but we cannot judge another except superficially. (p. 236.)

3.—MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY. LOGIC.<sup>1</sup>

It is just twenty years ago since the late Dr. Ward, writing in the *Dublin Review*, laid down the following propositions: "There are two most lamentable results which at once follow in Catholic higher education whenever some philosophy is not carefully inculcated as the one fundamentally true and certain system. (1) A Catholic youth cannot be duly protected against that poisonous habit of speculative thought, which infects the whole air he breathes; nor (2) can he be trained in a due apprehension of those dogmata, which are given him by God for the very purpose, that he may direct his life by their constant contemplation." Few would be found to question these two statements, and they are certainly not less true at the present day than when they were written. Training in sound Catholic philosophy has long been the most important requisite in our higher education, and yet dare we ask how many Catholic laymen in England at the present moment possess a clear grasp of the fundamental principles of that philosophy, or how many can claim even the same superficial acquaintance with the teaching of the schools, that they have acquired with the leading tenets of Mill, or Comte, or Herbert Spencer? We are not saying that nothing has been done and that no attempt has been made to meet this great need, but it is abundantly clear how partial and imperfect these efforts have been.

No fact can speak more eloquently than this, that we now see published in English for the first time in this year of grace, 1889, a series of text-books of Catholic Philosophy with

<sup>1</sup> *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy. Logic.* By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1889.

some pretensions to completeness. *Raison de plus*, then, for congratulating ourselves on the coming of what has been so long delayed. Let us take it for an augury that the next twenty years may bring about a better state of things.

Although Father Clarke's *Logic* is not the first to appear in order of time it naturally stands first in the plan of the series and suggests such general reflexions as the foregoing. Like the other volumes, it is intended mainly and primarily for the advanced students, other than ecclesiastical, in Catholic colleges on both sides of the Atlantic. "For these," as Father Clarke well says, "the Latin treatises which form the basis of the lectures attended by the young divine are quite unsuited, apart from the mere difficulties of the language. Their strange phraseology, the technicalities of their style, the cut and dried method they pursue in their advance from principles to conclusions, their complete severance from modern habits of thought and speech, render them unintelligible to ordinary students, without an elaborate explanation on the part of the teacher. He has to cover the dry bones with flesh, to enlarge, illustrate, translate and simplify, and often entirely re-construct, before he can reach the average intelligence or rouse any interest in his pupils."

However, the sphere of usefulness of these manuals is by no means limited to the class of readers here described. The treatise on *Logic*, no less than the other volumes of the series, will be of service to all who wish to obtain a reliable though necessarily compendious view of scholastic principles. Many outside the Church, tired of being driven hither and thither by conflicting winds of doctrine, would be glad to make acquaintance with a philosophy which at the lowest estimate is at least consistent with itself, is supported by the unvarying tradition of centuries, and is more in accordance with the common sense and modes of thought and speech of all mankind than any other system. But if many of those who do not belong to the Church will find matter of interest in these pages, much more those who have but recently joined her communion; and here again it will be better to let Father Clarke speak for himself.

There is another class to whom such a text-book as this will be a real boon, to whose existence the writer can testify from personal experience. Converts to the Catholic Church trained in the English

Colleges and Universities, have unconsciously drunk in a number of principles, some true, some false, from their earliest years, and are often not a little puzzled to discern the true from the false. Perhaps in their early days Hamilton and Jevons, Mansel or Veitch, had represented to them the orthodox school, and Mill and Spencer and Hegel a more consistent and at the same time more sceptical system. On submission to the Church they would fain know how far these rival claimants possess any fragments, large or small, of solid truth, and where they each and all wander away into error. In the following pages this need has been kept in view, and the author has sought to write what would have been useful to himself twenty years ago, when he made unsuccessful endeavours to master by private study the principles of Catholic philosophy from inscrutable Latin text-books.

We have dwelt so much upon the general scope of this series that we have left ourselves little space to discuss the distinguishing features of the work before us. Father Clarke, in his treatment of the subject, has wisely departed somewhat from the order of the Latin text-books. Certain changes had to be made to bring the work into touch with the manuals of logic commonly in use in this country, and few will question the desirability of starting with correct ideas on a matter so vitally important, for instance, as the nature of the Concept. Thus, as Mill introduces the reader at once to his theory of names, so we find here, at an early stage, a very full discussion of the doctrine of Universals. Even if this arrangement involves some little repetition when we come to the volume on *First Principles*, we cannot altogether regret it.

The influence of modern non-Catholic text-books in shaping the author's presentation of his subject may also be observed in several other chapters, as in those on the Foundations of Logic (the Principles of Contradiction, Identity, &c.) and on Analytical Judgments. Throughout he seems to us to deal satisfactorily with the false principles which are most dangerous in current English philosophy, stating the views of adversaries intelligibly and fairly, but without bewildering the reader with names and details. For the rest it need only be said that the more formal part of logic is, of course, fully treated, and that we have, moreover, a good summary of the inductive methods of Mill.

The writer of a handbook on Logic is met by one difficulty, more serious, perhaps, than might at first sight appear. On the one hand he is tempted to write down to the level of what may be presumed to be a comparatively youthful public, and

stimulated, perhaps, by his recollections of such works as Swinburne's *Picture Logic* to be mildly festive in his treatment. On the other hand the important and really abstruse character of many of the questions that occur tends to induce a much higher flight into the regions of pure abstraction. We fancy we detect traces of these conflicting tendencies in the pages before us. On the whole, however, Father Clarke's *Logic* is easy reading. It is rather more developed, and consequently more bulky than its companion volumes, but this is a good fault in a work which discusses such difficult and weighty matters as the student is introduced to here.

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#### 4.—AGRARIAN SOCIALISM.<sup>1</sup>

It is an argument that we often hear for setting aside the Catholic Church, that she is old. She did good work, perhaps, in the thirteenth century, and the wisest and best men then living showed their wisdom by attaching themselves to her. Then she was in touch with the times. But now, it seems, she has lost that touch; modern progress has outrun her; the Catholic party at present is the "retrograde" party, and the old faith in these days is simply an anachronism.

Her opponents, however, are ready enough to put the clock back, and to revert to olden usage, when it suits their occasion. M. de Laveleye, for instance, in his work *De la propriété et de ses formes primitives*, translated into English under the title of *Primitive Property*, demands that all landed property be socialized precisely on this ground, that only collective possession of land existed in primitive times, and that individual ownership of land is a later development. So the Belgian professor is willing to head a retrograde movement in the direction of what he takes to have been the land tenure of the primitive Russ and of the *Batavus genuinus*.

But it is obvious that this question of political economy should not be determined on archæological considerations, but from a study of the needs and aptitudes of man in this generation. As FF. Cathrein and Heinze put it:

We maintain that private ownership even in land is necessary for the proper development and civilization of the human race. . . . He

<sup>1</sup> *Agrarian Socialism*, a Refutation of Emile de Laveleye and Henry George. By Victor Cathrein, S.J. Translated, revised, and enlarged by J. U. Heinze, S.J., President of Canisius College, New York. Buffalo: Peter Paul and Bro., 1889.

(M. de Laveleye) admits again and again, that everywhere with advancing civilization, this system was superseded entirely, or at least in part, by private ownership. Now, what should he have concluded from this universal fact? Evidently this, that exclusive joint-ownership proves to be an obstacle to progress and culture, and is on that account more or less discarded by all nations, as soon as they awake to the want of a stage of civilization that contains more freedom, and harmonizes better with man's dignity. (pp. 46, 48.)

Father Cathrein, however, does not let M. de Laveleye walk off with the concession that the first possessors of land were uniformly co-proprietors of the type of a village commune. He considers the data put forward by Haxthausen for this theory in regard to Russia, and borrowed from him by M. de Laveleye, meagre and insufficient. But there are other lands besides Russia. The Hebrews, for example, are a very ancient race; and not the most sceptical of moderns can deny that the Old Testament tells us much about their early history. But "M. de Laveleye, in his historical inquiries, does not touch the Israelites at all, and treats the Sacred Scriptures as a book closed with seven seals;" the reason apparently being because "neither in the times of the patriarchs nor in later periods is any allusion made to collective property in land," but mention is often made of land belonging to individuals. Thus Father Cathrein refers to the transaction, so oriental in all its details, which makes the matter of the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, how "the field that before was Ephron's, wherein was the double cave looking towards Mamre, both it and the cave, and all the trees thereof in its limits round about, were made sure to Abraham for a possession." Referring to profane history, he tells us :

In the British Museum are preserved more than one hundred old Babylonian private contracts, written on small tablets of clay. . . . All these contracts are, *at the latest*, as is commonly admitted, of the thirteenth century, B.C. Several archaeologists ascribe them to the sixteenth or even to the eighteenth century, B.C. Out of the whole number, seventy refer to the sale of houses and gardens, seven to the sale of gardens and burial-places. (p. 70.)

In face of evidences like these, M. de Laveleye's calling private property in land *une institution très-récente* is certainly a figure of speech. It looks very like making philosophy at the expense of history. As for his further assertion, that the

Romans invented private property in land, Father Cathrein remarks :

With equal truth the learned professor might maintain that the English invented commerce, and the Prussians the military art and gunpowder. (p. 96.)

The last four chapters of the work are devoted to Mr. Henry George. The refutation of his airy flippancies and sentimental paralogisms on the subject of the land belonging to the people, is solid and satisfactory. Father Cathrein concludes :

*Private property in land* has the very same *natural basis* as *private property in general*. He who cries out against individual property in land as unjust, must necessarily raise his voice against *all* private property, and hence openly and frankly profess downright Socialism. Whosoever does not wish this—and Mr. Henry George does not wish it—to him nothing is left but to acknowledge *individual ownership in land also as based on the natural law*, and he must confess that a universal equality of possession, even in land, lies not in the designs of the Almighty. (p. 119.)

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#### 5.—SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES.<sup>1</sup>

It is told of Napoleon the Third, that when some court-preacher had introduced a large amount of elementary Christian knowledge into his sermon, the Emperor said to him at the end : " You were quite right, teach us, we are very ignorant." One is apt to wish at times that this or that preacher would *preach*, or be eloquent, *argue*, or be controversial, a little less, and simply *teach* and instruct us a little more. The practical genius of the American people, which appears in the countless new inventions of convenience which a European admires in his hotel at New York or St. Louis, seems to show itself in religious matters also, if we may judge by these pithy little instructions delivered in St. Thomas Aquinas' Church, Brooklyn. They are very clear, very sound, and very much to the point, forming a complete manual of what a layman should know and do with regard to the Seven Sacraments. Thus about names chosen for Baptism, we read :

If the mother be of a frivolous novel-reading class, she wants one of the *bizarre* names out of her favourite book of fiction. If the father

<sup>1</sup> *Short Instructions for Low Masses; or, the Sacraments explained.* By Rev. James Donohoe. New York : Pustet.

takes an interest in public affairs, he wishes to have it called after the leader of some party or some distinguished celebrity of the time, no matter what the name may be. . . . I may state that when the priest asks what name you wish to have the child called, he means "under the protection of what saint you want it placed."

The following extract treats of a point of great importance, which we have not seen so well put elsewhere.

The practice of the Church is not to allow children, when they come to the use of reason, a *dubitative* examination into the articles of faith. That is, they must not carry into the inquiry a mind in doubt or suspense about the truth of any article, but they are allowed to make what is called a *confirmative* examination ; that is, believing firmly in an article of faith, they wish to dispel ignorance and make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the reasons on which the article in question rests. This kind of examination is not only allowed, it is strongly recommended. It is, in fact, the end of all catechetical instruction. It is allowed to inquire, but not to doubt. Doubt would be destructive of the gift of faith received in Baptism. To permit it would be to deny that such a gift was received, for evidently doubt and firm faith cannot co-exist. This is the Catholic system. . . . Experience shows that every other system is eversive of all faith, and tends to incredulity.

The argument for Confession, tracing the practice even to pagan antiquity (pp. 123, seq.), is perhaps a little too erudite. No Protestant would object to confessing his sins in such perfunctory fashion as the Athenian people acknowledged theirs in times of public calamity. What John Bull boggles at is auricular confession, and that was scarcely practised at Athens, and probably went for little, even if it is true that "Confession preceded initiation into the mysteries of Ceres, Orpheus, and Isis."

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#### 6.—PHILIP MORDANT'S WARD.<sup>1</sup>

The plot of this novel, like that of so many others, turns on a mystery ; but the mystery is not one of the ordinary kind, such as we are accustomed to find in works of fiction, either gradually divulged to the expectant reader, or suddenly revealed after he has been long kept in suspense. The secret Philip Mordant and his ward are pledged to conceal is a fact which most persons in their position would be desirous to publish, that the ward in question possesses a large fortune.

<sup>1</sup> *Philip Mordant's Ward.* By Marianne Kent. London and New York : Frederick Warne and Co., 1888.

When we are first introduced to Philip Mordant—a stern reserved man, the father of two grown-up daughters—he has just been summoned to meet, after a separation of twenty-five years, the lady who was his first love, and to whom he is still sincerely attached, although she rejected him for the sake of a suitor who married her only for her money. Now left a widow, and standing on the brink of the grave, the lady dreads lest her only daughter should share her unhappy fate, and be wooed and won by a fortune-hunter. To prevent this, she desires that "Ella" should pass as a portionless girl, and thus be exempt from the dangers and cares which accompany the possession of great wealth.

"When Ella is left alone [she says to her friend], I want you—as your generous heart would have prompted you, if she were in truth a needy orphan—to give her a home with your own daughters. Let her come to you, Philip, dependent on your bounty, with no other claim than that of our very distant cousinship. . . . I don't wish even your girls to hear of Ella's money; let them think her your ward and cousin to whom you offer a home." (p. 15.)

Philip sees the difficulties of this plan, which would put the girl in a false position, but Mrs. Carthew will take no denial, and he is forced to consent to it. About six months later he is called upon to fulfil his promise. Phoebe and Grace Mordant are sitting together one autumn evening awaiting the arrival of the unwelcome stranger, whose coming they have only just been made aware of by their uncommunicative father. They have scarcely read his letter when the carriage containing their father and his ward drives up to the door.

Philip Mordant entered the house, and before he turned to speak to his daughters he carefully removed the heavy travelling cloak from the tall, graceful figure at his side. There was a thoughtful tenderness in the action that went like a stab to Phoebe's sore, jealous heart, and when at length her father looked in her direction and presented his ward, she could make no response, and merely took Ella's outstretched hand in a cold unfriendly grasp.

Grace, on the contrary, had been kindly disposed to the unknown Miss Carthew, and now all the warm sympathy of her affectionate nature went out at sight of her. . . . Putting her arms round the slender, black-robed figure, she said in her childish way: "Dear Ella, you must try to like us, and I trust we shall be happy together."

"God bless you, Grace!" Mr. Mordant exclaimed fervently, and he looked at her very gratefully.

Ella clung to Grace for a moment, too moved to speak, and then

Grace led the way up to the room which was prepared for her, while Philip Mordant walked off to his own apartment without a word, and Phoebe was left alone. Her thoughts were very bitter! She was angry with her father, with her sister, and with Ella Carthew; but worst of all and hardest to bear, she was angry with herself. Why had she acted as she had done?—she who always longed to please her father—that hearty blessing, that approving look, might have been for her if she had not let jealousy take possession of her. So Phoebe thought with regret and self-reproach. (pp. 42—44.)

As may be foreseen, the presence of the stranger, gentle and peaceable as she is, does not increase the union of the household. The mystery about her fortune involves her in many difficulties and misapprehensions, especially when on her guardian's failure, his elder daughter finds out that she has drawn considerable sums of money from him, and reproaches her for having caused his ruin, whereas the truth was that Mr. Mordant had appropriated many thousands of his ward's property, and was keeping up his house at her expense. All comes right in the end though, principally through the exertions of a doctor, the younger Miss Mordant's *fiancé*. We confess that—knowing the frailty and fickleness of human nature—we suspected that this gentleman was about to transfer his affections from his pretty bride-elect to her equally beautiful and far more wealthy friend; but we wronged him by the unworthy thought. Not even his journey to Scotland in search of her relatives caused the slightest pang of jealousy to the confiding Grace. We must also confess that our experience of novels led us to predict that Philip Mordant's ward would in the end become Philip Mordant's wife, but on this point too we find ourselves mistaken in supposing that the authoress was going to follow the ordinary track of the modern novelist.

This story, which is one of every-day life, is told in a simple, straightforward way, and the characters are well maintained throughout. Miss Kent wisely refrains from moralizing, as novelists are rather prone to do, and leaves the reader to draw his own reflections from a narrative the whole tone of which is a happy contrast to the unhealthy sensationalism so prevalent now-a-days.

7.—THE GREY LADY OF HARDCastle.<sup>1</sup>

The religious novel is one of the striking features of the fiction of to-day, and novelettes naturally follow suit. *The Grey Lady of Hardcastle* is a novelette, in which the religious experiences of several persons—eminently the heroine—are detailed. The difficulties of most of them turn on having been for long satisfied with the imitation of the Faith which Ritualism afforded them. Then as doubts arise, and light and circumstances help to solve them, they become Catholics. As a necessity controversy comes in, but we doubt whether a non-Catholic would be convinced by the arguments in favour of the Church; they are very slight, and most of the converts are made somewhat easily, and go through little of the preliminary sufferings that few escape in real life.

The story opens with a few letters from some of the characters to each other, then the story to which the letters have formed a kind of prologue commences.

The Grey Lady, as all will surmise, was a family ghost who wanders through the story as she did through the halls of Hardcastle, and with very little more object for her pains. After making several people a good deal excited, damaging the nerves of Lady Louisa Hardcastle, and the temper of her husband; after making the Anglican clergyman try and find it out, and with amusing results that are very well described, we finally discover the cause, which we will leave our readers to read about for themselves.

The book has evidently the aim of helping people to see the unreality of Ritualism. We are rather sorry that the representative parson of that sect is such a dummy. Mr. Silverstick is very much in the background, and is not at all a striking character. The heroine is the best character in the book, and the circumstances under which she is received into the Church, show that the author possesses excellent inventive powers in the way of incident. This is the best part of the book. The love making is not very realistic, and we do not think that a man would be likely, if as much in love as Fitzjohn was supposed to be with the heroine, to pour out his troubles to his father and his lady-love's mamma. Alice, the object of his love, seems to suffer from incapability of knowing her own

<sup>1</sup> *The Grey Lady of Hardcastle.* Edited by a Friend of the Family. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

mind; but that with the sex is a fault that is not very uncommon.

We think the book will be welcome in convents, and with young people generally. We would suggest to the author to concentrate her efforts on fewer characters and on a more detailed delineation of them when next she appears before the public. Catholic stories of this kind are not so numerous, and ought to be encouraged. We hope that the writer of the *Grey Lady* will persevere in her literary efforts and will be successful in them.

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*Literary Record.*

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**I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.**

WE have long regarded Father von Lehen's *Way of Interior Peace*<sup>1</sup> as a book deserving of translation, and we are glad to see that the work has been done in America, and that His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has given his approval and recommendation of it in a short Preface. The subject is one that will appeal to all, for who is there who does not desire interior peace, and wish to know the best means of attaining it? The book treats first of resignation to God's will, the necessary condition of interior peace. Then it proceeds to the foundation on which it must be built, the obstacles to it, the dangers to which it is exposed, and the means of preserving it amid temptations and troubles. The last portion of the book, which is most useful and practical, treats of Scruples, and is much to be recommended to the scrupulous. We are inclined to think that Father von Lehen has made a mistake in not giving more of his own matter, instead of borrowing in his humility from other sources. The change from one style to another, and from one form of spirituality to another which is the result, rather mars the unity of thought. Fénelon, though a most holy man, scarcely runs in harness with Jesuit spiritual writers. The book is one which we hope will be widely read, and we are sure that all who read it will derive comfort from it.

We hope to notice hereafter at greater length the lives of the two great Carmelite saints who have left their stamp not only

<sup>1</sup> *The Way of Interior Peace.* By Father von Lehen, S.J. With a Preface by Cardinal Gibbons. New York: Benziger Brothers.

on their own Order, but on the whole Christian Church. Our present object is merely to announce to our readers that the St. Anselm's Society has republished the Life of St. Teresa, written by herself, and translated from the Spanish by Mr. David Lewis;<sup>1</sup> and that a second edition of the Life of St. John of the Cross, and of his Ascent of Mount Carmel, from the pen of the same translator, has just been issued by Mr. Baker.<sup>2</sup> The autobiography of St. Teresa is well known, and is almost unequalled among spiritual biographies. The Life of St. John of the Cross is not familiar to English-speaking Catholics, but it is remarkable even among saints' lives for the wonderful mortification and love of contempt that he displayed. We recommend them to all our readers, not merely as spiritual books, but as most interesting memoirs.

Father Mercier has just issued a second edition of the book in which he has gathered from the general works of Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, all that he wrote concerning the Blessed Virgin.<sup>3</sup> We have already noticed this valuable book, and now will only remind our readers that much, probably not known to many before, will be learnt as to the origin of many titles of honour given to our Lady, such as "Notre Dame des Clefs," "Notre Dame de Chartres," &c. These names are probably more familiar to most than are the facts from which they grew. Many will be glad to avail themselves of the "Plan of Meditation or Reading" which is given in the new edition by Father Mercier, S.J., in the appendix. It is arranged for thirty-one days, and intended for the month of May. Classified under different headings, we have given us references to special passages in the book, treating of the prophecies about our Lady, her symbols and types, history and dogma, &c., together with a treasury of fresh thoughts, and strong practical helps to devotion. The selection of passages has been made with great care, and adds much to the worth and usefulness of the book.

The *Church Catholic* is an address delivered to a non-Catholic audience.<sup>4</sup> The argument is that the teaching office of the

<sup>1</sup> *Life of St. Teresa, written by herself.* St. Anselm's Society, 6, Agar Street.

<sup>2</sup> *Works of St. John of the Cross.* By D. Lewis, M.A. John Baker, 1, Soho Square.

<sup>3</sup> *La Vierge Marie.* D'après le Cardinal Pie. Nouvelle édition. Augmentée et suivie d'un plan détaillé de méditations ou de lectures pour le mois de Marie. Par le R. P. Mercier, de la Compagnie de Jésus. 1 Tome. Librairie H. Oudin, Éditeur. Paris : 17, Rue Bonaparte, 1889.

<sup>4</sup> *The Church Catholic.* By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A. London : Catholic Truth Society.

Catholic Church, and the existence of any real revelation delivered by Christ, must stand or fall together. It is shown that this revelation cannot be maintained on the Protestant principle of "the Bible only." The salient features of the Church Catholic are brought out:—her uncompromising hatred for sin; her preaching of Christ before all things, and His Life and Death, His Redemption, His Divinity; the Mass and the Holy Eucharist; and finally, in lieu of a delusive Socialism, the brotherhood of all men in Christ. But we do injustice to this little work by exhibiting a mere inventory of its contents. It teems with argument, but is not dry; it is full of suggestive thought, and yet is not hard reading. There is fire in it throughout. It is just the sort of controversy we want; and besides being controversial, it is also fraught with instruction for the children of the faith.

Father Lescher has written a very learned pamphlet,<sup>1</sup> in which he has explained the scholastic idea of the Universal, as laid down by St. Thomas. Of all the subjects which lie at the threshold of philosophy, the doctrine of Universals is one of the most difficult. Aristotle and Plato disputed about it, and we can scarcely expect moderns to be agreed, unless they have the wisdom to tread closely in the steps of St. Thomas. Unhappily this has not always been done of late. No school of philosophy is mentioned in the pamphlet, but Father Lescher's object is to maintain the teaching of the Angelic Doctor against the statement of "an acute Catholic philosopher," that St. Thomas was hampered by his theory that ideas come through the senses. Father Lescher states some valuable truths on this important subject, and quotes a number of passages from St. Thomas which set forth the teaching of the Saint.

*Mental Prayer*<sup>2</sup> is an excellent little book. It is what it purports to be—a guide, and a practical guide to Meditation or Mental Prayer for people living in the world. It is written in a clear, simple, straightforward manner. It is divided into paragraphs dealing with (1) the nature of Meditation, (2) the time of Meditation, (3) the place suitable to Meditation, (4) the matter of Meditation, (5) the manner of Meditation, (6) the difficulties of Meditation. It concludes with some valuable advice, and a

<sup>1</sup> *The Scholastic Idea of the Universal.* By Rev. Father Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. M. Gildea, 36, Southampton Road, N.W.

<sup>2</sup> *A Practical Guide to Meditation, or Mental Prayer.* On the system of St. Ignatius of Loyola, for Christians living in the world. By a Missionary Priest. Leamington : Art and Book Company, 1889.

useful summary of the essential parts of Meditation. The method is that of St. Ignatius, adapted to suit the needs of those for whom the book is written. The writer shows great wisdom in these few pages, not exacting too much from his readers, and at the same time leading them with a sure hand to a height of perfection quite attainable by those who living in the world, have the patience and goodwill to follow the advice here given to them.

Canon Allègre, in a brochure of twenty pages,<sup>1</sup> briefly sketches the history of Divorce in his own country, and then sets forth the arguments which the best-known advocates and opponents of the law in France have made use of in the Parliamentary debates on the subject. Leaving the principles of natural law and of theology, which divorce involves, to be discussed by the theologians and canonists, the author confines himself to the social side of his subject, such as it presents itself to the public men whose arguments he adduces, "men accustomed to manage public business and well acquainted with the exigencies of social life." The law of divorce in France presses with much severity on women. The great majority of Frenchwomen are Catholic. Even those who do not practise their religion, still profess it with strange unanimity, as Jules Simon observed in the Senate on May 27, 1884. Now no Catholic woman will ever ask for a divorce, or of her own accord avail herself of the law, for this reason among others—that being a Catholic she will be unable, after divorce, to marry again. Hence the introduction of divorce has been for Catholic women—that is, for Frenchwomen in general—neither more nor less than the introduction of "Repudiation." Is it not then, says the author, supremely unjust, not only to introduce an institution which is pernicious in its moral and social results, but to introduce it, though it is condemned by the Catholic Church, among a people of whom the great majority are Catholic?

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul<sup>2</sup> is one of those associations which does not receive from English Catholics the support that it deserves. It is, we imagine, the fewness of our scattered numbers that renders it difficult for us to act together and to maintain by our personal aid and interest the various good works that

<sup>1</sup> *Le Divorce devant le Parlement français.* Par M. le Chanoine Allègre, Docteur en Théologie et en Droit Canon. Paris: Remy, 1889.

<sup>2</sup> Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

cry out for our help. But if there is one that calls for help more than others, it is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The very fact that our forces are scattered and our poor Catholics exposed to the active proselytizing agency of the enemies of the Church, makes the work of the Society so much the more indispensable. It is the standard by which the Christian layman proclaims his charity and loyalty to the faith. "By your devoted labours," said the Holy Father to the Brothers of the Society on the occasion of his Jubilee; "you will show the world the meaning and the power of the true spirit of Jesus Christ for the advancement and happiness of the human race." The Report of the year 1888 is now published. On the whole it is encouraging and speaks of progress, but in some cities where the needs are the greatest, such as London and Liverpool, there has, alas! been a falling off. This Society is a most powerful agency in stopping the loss of our children. It reaches cases which priests could never reach, and often a layman succeeds where a priest will fail. We recommend to our readers the Report for 1888, and hope that if they cannot visit the poor themselves, they will at least support this most admirable Society.

The Report of the Patronage Work,<sup>1</sup> which has for its object to gather together in homes and clubs, in confraternities and guilds, working boys who have left school, deserves special attention. How small a proportion of our boys and young men attend the sacraments regularly! how many absent themselves from Mass! The object of the Patronage Work is to save our boys. God grant that it may do so!

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

Under the title of "The Christian Springtime," Father Meschler gives, in the *Stimmen* for March, one of his beautiful instructions on the mysteries of the faith. In it he points out the close resemblance between the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes—the Gospel for the fourth Sunday in Lent—and the Sacrament of the Altar. The feeding of the multitude is shown to be, in the motives which prompted the miracle, the circumstances attending it, and the results produced by it, a true type and figure of Holy Communion, whereby the spiritual life of the Christian is sustained. Father Dressel concludes his ably-

<sup>1</sup> Report of the Patronage Work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, 28, Old Burlington Street, W.

written essay on the attempt to explain on Darwinian principles the change and development of matter in the realm of chemistry and physics; and Father Hoensbroech continues to prove, by historical and moral arguments, that temporal power belongs of right to the Papacy, and is indispensable to the free exercise of the spiritual sovereignty. From authors to publishers is but a step: Father Baumgartner, whose facile and fertile pen has passed in review the writings of so many distinguished *littérateurs*, now pays a tribute to the memory of the well known German publisher, Herder, who lately ended a long and blameless life, which was devoted to the furtherance of the Catholic cause. This pious and conscientious man was always ready to make the interests of his extensive and prosperous business subservient to those of Christian truth. Father Kreiten's account of a recent novel narrating the conversion and subsequent apostasy of a Jew, shows the length to which ignorance of the religious life and hatred of religion will go in the present day.

The long and obstinate struggle which Germany has to maintain on behalf of the religious instruction of the young, gives special interest to the history of the *Kulturkampf* on the same subject in the neighbouring country of Belgium. The careful and detailed account of this contest, the first instalment of which appears in the *Katholik*, embraces the period from its commencement in 1878 until the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Holy See in 1884. The second part of the essay on Prayer treats of the source and the effect of prayer, of the means helpful to it, of the importance of prayer and the qualities it should possess. The readers of the *Katholik* have already been made acquainted with the gradual development of the Office, or canonical hours of prayer, from the days of the Apostles until the time of Gregory the Great; before entering upon the further changes made in the middle ages, the writer to whom we owe the former articles on the subject gives a sketch of that great Pontiff, and of the times in which he lived. Dr. Janssen contributes some extracts from a quaint and very rare drama of the period of the Reformation which tend to prove that the changes introduced by Luther were by no means universally regarded in the light of a benefit and boon, as his followers would have one believe. The antiquities and historical associations in which the ancient and time-honoured city of Treves is rich, form the topic of another article.

"The School of Socialism in Italy" forms the title of two

lengthy articles in the *Civiltà Cattolica* (929, 930). The purport of these is to show that the Government is alone to blame for the economic distress rapidly augmenting among the lower classes in Italy, in proportion to the ever-increasing load of taxation. The public debt is enormous, and where has the money gone? It has not improved the country or benefited trade, but has been squandered on idle show, and filled the pockets of officials who live in ease and opulence, while the starving populace clamour for work or bread. What wonder, it is asked, if the heavily-burdened people imitate the example set them by their rulers of usurping the power and appropriating the property of others, and do by the rich and powerful as these did by the Church. The argument is just, but the Liberals, blinded by self-interest, acting as if society existed for the State, not the State for society, fail to see that in the spirit of anarchy and socialism wherewith nine-tenths of the population are said to be infected, chastisement awaits them for defrauding the Church of her rights, and laying sacrilegious hands on ecclesiastical property. The important place which the Divine art of music occupies and has ever occupied in the liturgy of the Church on earth, as it does in that of the Heavenly Jerusalem, forms the topic of another article; the examples of heroic virtue, generosity, and courage called forth by the atrocities of the French Revolution, are noticed in a further instalment of the essay on the Revolution of '89; and the chapter of Egyptian-biblical research discusses the various arguments and evidence of an ethnological and anthropological nature in regard to the country whence the Shepherd-kings came and the race of which they sprang. The archæological notes refer to the doctrine contained in the Eucharistic prayers in use during the first centuries of Christianity.

The *Études* for March opens with one of Father de Bonniot's excellent articles on Transformism, a subject which he has already brought before our notice in the pages of this periodical. His object is to expose the philosophical error whereon this theory rests, or rather to show that it is wanting in any real foundation; since it is the result of superficial observation, and its advocates fail to distinguish aright between the principle which governs the formation of species, and that which regulates the transformation of individuals. In concluding his essay on the *Régale*, Father Desjardins defines this ancient royal privilege as an encroachment on ecclesiastical rights, tolerated by the Church in olden times, and revived in the

present day less for the sake of adding some millions of francs to the exchequer, than for the purpose of disguising religious persecution under an appearance of legality, and hampering the action of the Church. A second article on the Gregorian chant discusses the practical question of its restoration in our churches, the reasons why this is to be desired, the manner in which it should be attempted, the difficulties that oppose themselves to its adoption, and the means whereby these may be overcome. The remaining contents of this very interesting magazine are a continuation of Father St. Coubé's delightful account of his visit to the Catholic villages on the Pearl Fishery Coast, a biographical notice of the late Father Secchi, whose untiring labours and brilliant discoveries served greatly to advance astronomical science; and a letter animadverting severely on the inaccuracies and errors of which a certain M. Aristide Douarche was guilty in the theses he read before the Sorbonne on occasion of his presenting himself as a candidate for the doctor's degree.

The *Stonyhurst Magazine*<sup>1</sup> is one of the most successful school magazines ever issued. As a rule school magazines have a transient existence. The few that are regular and permanent are generally more of local than general interest. But the *Stonyhurst Magazine* while it teems with college news, yet deserves the attention of the outside world as well. On matters of natural history it is quite an authority, and its historical articles are excellent. The summary of the Stonyhurst news at the beginning is very well done, and its increasing subscription list shows how Stonyhurst boys and their friends appreciate its value.

American Catholics have, with their ever-growing energy and organization, started an *Ecclesiastical Review*<sup>2</sup> something on the lines of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. It contains some excellent articles, Cases of Conscience, Liturgical Questions, &c. The first number contains a piece of information which many priests do not seem to be aware of—that the prayers after Mass are to be said “with joined hands,” and therefore the chalice, &c., are to be left on the altar. The Review will be found suitable to Ireland and England, as well as to America.

<sup>1</sup> *Stonyhurst Magazine*, March, 1889. Price 6d. Published at Stonyhurst College.

<sup>2</sup> *American Ecclesiastical Review*. January, February, March, 1889. New York: Pustet.

